THE Luckey Chance, OR AN ALDERMAN'S Bargain.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted by their MAJESTY'S Servants.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

7

Written by Mrs. A. BEHN.

This may be Printed, *April* 23. 1686. R. P.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. H.* for *W. Canning*, at his Shop in *Vine-Court, Middle-Temple.* 1687.

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To the Right Honourable *Laurence*, Lord *Hyde*, Earl of *Rochester*, one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, Lord High Treasurer of *England*, and Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

When I consider how Ancient and Honourable a Date Plays have born, how they have been the peculiar Care of the most Illustrious Persons of Greece *and* Rome, *who strove as much to outdoe each other in Magnificence, (when by Turns they manag'd the great Business of the Stage, as if they had contended for the Victory of the Universe:) I say, my Lord, when I consider this, I with the greater Assurance most humbly address this Comedy to your Lordship, since by Right of Antient Custom, the Patronage of Plays belong'd only to the great Men, and chiefest Magistrates. Cardinal* Richelieu, *that great and wise Statesman, said, That there was no surer Testimony to be given of the flourishing Greatness of a State, than publick Pleasures and Divertisements —— for they are, says he —— the Schools of Vertue, where Vice is always either punish't, or disdain'd. They are secret Instructions to the People, in things that 'tis impossible to insinuate into them any other Way. 'Tis Example that prevails above Reason or* Divine Precepts. *(Philosophy not understood by the Multitude;) 'tis Example alone that inspires Morality, and best establishes Vertue. I have my self known a Man, whom neither Conscience nor Religion cou'd persuade to Loyalty, who with beholding in our Theatre a Modern Poli-*

tician set forth in all his Colours, was converted, renounc'd his Opinion, and quitted the Party.

The Abbot of Aubignac, *to shew that Plays have been ever held most important to the very Political Part of Government, says, The Phylosophy of* Greece, *and the Majesty and Wisdom of the* Romans, *did equally concern their Great Men in making them Venerable, Noble and Magnificent: Venerable, by their Consecration to their Gods: Noble, by being govern'd by their chiefest Men; and their Magnificency was from the publick Treasury, and the liberal Contributions of their Noble Men.*

It being undeniable then, that Plays and publick Diversions were thought by the Greatest and Wisest of States, one of the most essential Parts of good Government, and in which so many great Persons were interested; suffer me to beg your Lordships Patronage for this little Endeavour, and believe it not below the Grandure of your Birth and State, the Illustrious Places you so justly hold in the Kingdom, nor your Illustrious Relation to the greatest Monarch of the World, to afford it the Glory of your Protection; since it is the Product of a Heart and Pen, that always faithfully serv'd that Royal Cause, to which your Lordship is by many Tyes so firmly fixt. It approaches you with that absolute Veneration, that all the World is oblig'd to pay you; and has no other Design than to express my sense of those excellent Vertues, that make your Lordship so truly admir'd and lov'd. Amongst which we find those two so rare in a Great Man and a Statesman, those of Gracious Speech and easie Access, and I believe none were ever sent from your Presence dissatisfied. You have an Art to please even when you deny; and something in your Look and Voice has an Air so greatly good, it recompences even for Disappointment; and we never leave your Lordship but with Blessings. It is no less our Admiration, to behold with what Serenity and perfect Conduct, that great Part of the Nations Business is carry'd on, by one single Person; who having to do with so vast Numbers of Men of all Qualitys, Interests and Humours, nevertheless all are well satisfi'd, and none complain of Oppression, but all is done with Gentleness and Silence, as if (like the first Creator) you cou'd finish all by a

Word. You have, my Lord, a Judgment so piercing and solid, a Wisdom so quick and clear, and a Fortitude so truly Noble, that those Fatigues of State, that wou'd even sink a Spirit of less Magnitude, is by yours accomplish't without Toil, or any Appearance of that harsh and crabbed Austerity, that is usually put on by the busie Great. You, my Lord, support the Globe, as if you did not feel its Weight: nor so much as seem to bend beneath it: Your Zeal for the Glorious Monarch you love and serve, makes all things a Pleasure that advance his Interest, which is so absolutely your Care. You are, my Lord, by your generous Candor, your unbyast Justice, your Sweetness, Affability and Condescending Goodness (those never-failing Marks of Greatness) above that Envy which reigns in Courts, and is aim'd at the most elevated Fortunes and Noblest Favourites of Princes: And when they consider your Lordship, with all the Abilitys and Wisdom of a great Counsellor, your unblemisht Vertue, your unshaken Loyalty, your constant Industry for the Publick Good, how all things under your Part of Sway have been refin'd and purg'd from those Grossnesses, Frauds, Briberys, and Grievances, beneath which so many of his Majestys Subjects groan'd, when we see Merit establish't and prefer'd, and Vice discourag'd; it imposes Silence on Malice it self, and compells em to bless his Majesty's Choice of such a Pillar of the State, such a Patron of Vertue.

Long may your Lordship live to remain in this most Honourable Station, that his Majesty may be serv'd with an entire Fidelity, and the Nation be render'd perfectly Happy. Since from such Heads and Hearts, the Monarch reaps his Glory, and the Kingdom receives its Safety and Tranquility. This is the unfeign'd Prayer of

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble,

And most Obedient Servant.

A. Behn.

Peface.

PREFACE.

THe little Obligation I have to ſome of the witty Sparks and Poets of the Town, has put me on a Vindication of this Comedy from thoſe Cenſures that Malice, and ill Nature have thrown upon it, tho in vain: The Poets I heartily excuſe, ſince there is a ſort of Self-Intereſt in their Malice, which I ſhou'd rather call a witty Way they have in this Age, of Railing at every thing they find with pain ſucceſsful, and never to ſhew good Nature and ſpeak well of any thing; but when they are ſure 'tis damn'd, then they afford it that worſe Scandal, their Pity. And nothing makes them ſo through-ſtitch an Enemy as a full Third Day, that's Crime enough to load it with all manner of infamy; and when they can no other way prevail with the Town, they charge it with the old never failing Scandal——That 'tis not fit for the Ladys: As if (if it were as they falſly give it out) the Ladys were oblig'd to hear Indecencys only from their Pens and Plays; and ſome of them have ventur'd to treat 'em as Courſely as 'twas poſſible, without the leaſt Reproach from them; and in ſome of their moſt Celebrated Plays have entertained 'em with things, that if I ſhould here ſtrip from their Wit and Occaſion that conducts 'em in and makes them proper, their fair Cheeks would perhaps wear a natural Colour at the reading them; yet are never taken Notice of, becauſe a Man writ them, and they may hear that from them, they bluſh at from a Woman——But I make a Challenge to any Perſon of common Senſe and Reaſon——that is not wilfully bent on ill Nature, and will in ſpight of Senſe wreſt a double *Entendre* from every thing, lying upon the Catch for a Jeſt or a Quibble, like a Rook for a Cully; but any unprejudic'd Perſon that knows not the Author, to read any of my Comedys and compare 'em with others of this Age, and if they find one Word that can offend the chaſteſt Ear, I will ſubmit to all their peeviſh Cavills; but Right or Wrong they muſt be Criminal becauſe a Woman's; condemning them without having the Chriſtian Charity, to examine whether it be guilty or not, with reading, comparing, or thinking; the Ladies taking up any Scandal on Truſt from ſome conceited Sparks, who will in ſpight of Nature be Wits and *Beaus*; then ſcatter it for Authentick all over the Town and Court, poyſoning of others Judgments

meet with their false Notions, condemning it to worse than Death, Loss of Fame. And to fortifie their Detraction, charge me with all the Plays that have ever been offensive; though I wish with all their Faults I had been the Author of some of those they have honour'd me with.

For the further Justification of this Play, it being a Comedy of Intrigue, Mr. *Dennis* out of Respect to the Commands he had from Court, to take great Care that no Indecency should be in Plays, sent for it and nicely look't it over, putting out any thing he but imagin'd the Criticks would play with. After that, Sir *Roger L'Estrange* read it and licens'd it, and found no such Faults as 'tis charg'd with: Then Mr. *Killigrew*, who more severe than any, from the strict Order he had, perus'd it with great Circumspection; and lastly the Master Players, who you will I hope in some Measure esteem Judges of Decency and their own Interest, having been so many Years Prentice to the Trade of Judging.

I say, after all these Supervisors the Ladys may be convinc'd, they left nothing that cou'd offend; and the Men of their unjust Reflections on so many Judges of Wit and Decencys. When it happens that I challenge any one, to point me out the least Expression of what some have made their Discourse, they cry, *That Mr.* Leigh *opens his Night Gown, when he comes into the Bride-chamber*; if he do, which is a Jest of his own making, and which I never saw, I hope he has his Cloaths on underneath? And if so, where is the Indecency? I have seen in that admirable Play of *Oedipus*, the Gown open'd wide, and the Man shown in his Drawers and Waistcoat, and never thought it an Offence before. Another cry's, *Why we know not what they mean, when the Man takes a Woman off the Stage, and another is thereby cuckolded*; is that any more than you see in the most Celebrated of your Plays? as the *City Politicks*, the *Lady Mayoress*, and the *Old Lawyers Wife*, who goes with a Man she never saw before, and comes out again the joyfull'st Woman alive, for having made her Husband a Cuckold with such Dexterity, and yet I see nothing unnatural nor obscene: 'tis proper for the Characters. So in that lucky Play of the *London Cuckolds*, not to recite Particulars. And in that good Comedy of *Sir Courtly Nice*, the *Taylor to the young Lady*——in the fawn'd Sir *Fopling Dorimant* and *Belinda*, see the very Words——In *Valentinian*, see the Scene between the *Court Bawds*. And *Valentinian* all loose and ruffl'd a Moment after the Rape, and all this you see without Scandal, and a thousand others. The *Moor of Venice* in many places. The *Maids Tragedy*——see the Scene of undressing the Bride, and between the *King* and *Amintor*, and after between the *King* and *Evadne*——&c. All these I Name as some of the best Plays I know; if I should repeat the Words expreft in these Scenes I mention, I might justly be charg'd with

with course ill Mangers, and very little Modesty, and yet they so naturally fall into the places they are designed for, and so are proper for the Business, that there is not the least Fault to be found with them; though I say those things in any of mine wou'd damn the whole Peice, and alarm the Town. Had I a Day or two's time, as I have scarce so many Hours to write this in (the Play being all printed off and the Proofs waiting) I would sum up all your Beloved Plays, and all the things in them that are past with such Silence by; because written by Men: such Masculine Strokes in me, must not be allow'd. I must conclude those Women (if there be any such) greater Criticks in that sort of Conversation than my self, who find any of that sort in mine, or any thing that can justly be reproach't. But 'tis in vain by dint of Reason or Comparison to convince the obstinate Criticks, whose Business is to find Fault, if not by a loose and grois Imagination to create them, for they must either find the Jest, or make it; and those of this sort fall to my share, they find Faults of another kind for the Men Writers. And this one thing I will venture to say, though against my Nature, because it has a Vanity in it; That had the Plays I have writ come forth under any Mans Name, and never known to have been mine; I appeal to all unbyast Judges of Sense, if they had not said, that Person had made as many good Comedies, as any one Man that has writ in our Age; but a Devil on't the Woman damns the Poet.

Ladies, for its further Justification to you, be pleas'd to know, that the first Copy of this Play was read by several Ladys of very great Quality, and unquestioned Fame, and received their most favourable Opinion, not one charging it with the Crime, that some have been pleas'd to find in the Acting. Other Ladys who saw it more than once, whose Quality and Vertue can sufficiently justifie any thing they design to favour, were pleas'd to say, they found an Entertainment in it very far from scandalous; and for the Generality of the Town, I found by my Receipts it was not thought so Criminal. However, that shall not be an Incouragement to me to trouble the Criticks with new Occasion of affronting me, for endeavouring at least to divert; and at this rate, both the few Poets that are left, and the Players who toil in vain, will be weary of their Trade.

I cannot omit to tell you, that a Wit of the Town, a Friend of mine at *Will's* Coffee House, the first Night of the Play, cry'd it down as much as in him lay, who before had read it and assured me he never saw a prettier Comedy. So complaisant one pestilent Wit will be to another, and in the full Cry make his Noise too; but since 'tis to the witty Few I speak, I hope the better Judges will take no Offence, to whom I am oblig'd for better Judgments; and those I hope will be so kind to me, knowing my Conversation not at all addicted to the Indecencys alledged, that I would much less practice

it

it in a Play, that must ſtand the Teſt of the cenſuring World. And I muſt want common Senſe, and all the Degrees of good Manners, renouncing my Fame, all Modeſty and Intereſt for a ſilly Sawcy fruitleſs Jeſt, to make Fools laugh, and Women bluſh, and wiſe Men aſſham'd; My ſelf all the while, if I had been guilty of this Crime charg'd to me, remaining the only ſtupid, inſenſible. Is this likely, is this reaſonable to be believ'd by any body, but the wilfully blind? All I ask, is the Priviledge for my Maſculine Part the Poet in me, (if any ſuch you will allow me) to tread in thoſe ſucceſsful Paths my Predeceſſors have ſo long thriv'd in, to take thoſe Meaſures that both the Ancient and Modern Writers have ſet me, and by which they have pleas'd the World ſo well. If I muſt not, becauſe of my Sex, have this Freedom, but that you will aſurp all to your ſelves; I lay down my Quill, and you ſhall hear no more of me, no not ſo much as to make Compariſons, becauſe I will be kinder to my Brothers of the Pen, than they have been to a defenceleſs Woman; for I am not content to write for a Third day only. I value Fame as much as if I had been born a *Hero*; and if you rob me of that, I can retire from the ungrateful World, and ſcorn its fickle Favours.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Jevon.

SInce with Old Plays you have so long been cloy'd,
As with a Mistress many Years enjoy'd:
How briskly dear Variety you pursue;
Nay though for worse ye change, ye will have New.
Widdows take heed, some of you in fresh Youth
Have been th' unpity'd Martyrs of this Truth.
When for a drunken Sot, that had kind hours,
And taking their own Freedoms, left you yours;
'Twas your delib'rate Choice your Days to pass
With a damn'd, sober self-admiring Ass;
Who thinks good usage for the Sex unfit,
And slights ye out of Sparkishness and Wit.
But you can fit him —— Let a worse Fool come,
If he neglect, to officiate in his room.
Vain Amorous Coxcombs every where are found,
Fops for all uses, but the Stage abound.
~~*Tho you shou'd change them oftener than your Fashions,*~~
There still wou'd be enough for your Occasions:
But ours are not so easily suppli'd,
All that cou'd e'er quit cost, we have already tri'd.
Nay, dear some times have bought the Frippery Stuff.
This, Widows, you —— I mean the old and tough ——
Will never think, be they but Fool enough.
Such will with any kind of Puppies play;
But we must better know for what we pay:
We must not purchase such dull Fools as they.
Shou'd we shew each her own partic'lar Dear,
What they admire at home, they wou'd loath here.
Thus, tho the Mall, the Ring, the Pit is full,
And every Coffee-House still swarms with Fool:

Tho ſtill by Fools all other Callings live,
Nay our own Women by freſh Cullys thrive.
Tho your Intrigues which no Lampoon can cure,
Promiſe a long Succeſſion to enſure,
And all your Matches Plenty do preſage:
Dire is the Dearth and Famine on the Stage.
Our Store's quite waſted, and our Credit's ſmall,
Not a Fool left to bleſs our ſelves withal.
We're forc't at laſt to rob, (which is great pity,
Though 'tis a never-foiling Bank) the City.
We ſhow you one to day intirely new,
And of all Jeſts, none reliſh like the true.
Let that the value of our Play inhance,
Then it may prove indeed the Luckey Chance.

Actor's

Actor's Names.

Mr. *Leigh.*	Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*	An old Alderman to be married to *Leticia.*
Mr. *Nokes.*	Sir *Cautious Fulbank*	An old Banker married to *Julia.*
Mr. *Batterton.*	Mr. *Gayman*	A Spark of the Town, Lover of *Julia.*
Mr. *Keneſtone.*	Mr. *Belmour*	Contracted to *Leticia* diſguis'd, and preſſes for Sir *Feeble's* Nephew.
Mr. *Jevon.*	Mr. *Bearſes*	Nephew to Sir *Cautious*, a Fop.
Mr. *Harris.*	Capt. *Noyſey*	His Companion.
Mr *Bowman.*	Mr. *Bredwel*	Prentice to Sir *Cautious*, and Brother to *Leticia*, in love with *Diana.*
	Rag	Footman to *Gayman.*
	Ralph	Footman to Sir *Feeble.*
	Dick	Footman to Sir *Cautious.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Barry.*	Lady *Fulbank*	In love with *Gayman*, honeſt and generous.
Mrs. *Cook.*	*Leticia*	Contracted to *Belmour*, married to Sir *Feeble*, young and vertuous.
Mrs. *Montford.*	*Diana*	Daughter to Sir *Feeble*, in love with *Bredwel* — vertuous.
	Pert	Lady *Fulbank's* Woman.
Mrs. *Powel.*	Gammer *Grime*	Landlady to *Gayman*, a Smith's Wife in *Alſatia.*

A Parſon, Fidlers, Dancers and Singers.
The Scene *London.*

THE

THE LUCKY CHANCE; OR AN Alderman's Bargain. A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street at Break of Day.*

Enter Belmour *disguis'd in a travelling Habit.*

Bel. SURE 'tis the Day that gleams in yonder East,
The Day that all but Lovers bless by Shade.
Pay chearful Homage to
Lovers! and those pursu'd like guilty me.
By rigid Laws, which put no Difference
'Twixt fairly killing in my own Defence,
And Murders bred by drunken Arguments,
Whores, or the mean Revenges of a Coward.
——This is *Letitia*'s Fathers House——*Looking about.*
And that the dear Balcony
That has so oft been conscious of our Loves;
From whence she'as sent me down a thousand Sighs,
A thousand Looks of Love, a thousand Vows!
O thou dear Witness of those Charming Hours,
How do I bless thee, how am I pleas'd to view thee
After a tedious Age of six Months Banishment.

Enter several with Musick.

Fid. But hark ye Mr. *Gingle*, is it proper to play before the Wedding.

Gin. Ever while you live, for many a time in playing after the first Night, the Bride's sleepy, the Bridegroom tir'd, and both so out of Humour, that perhaps they hate any thing that puts 'em in mind they are married.

[*They play and sing.*

[*Enter* Phillis *in the Balcony, throws 'em Money.*

R*ISE* Cloris, *charming Maid arise!*
And baffle breaking Day,
Shew the adoring World thy Eyes
Are more surprizing Gay;
The Gods of Love are smiling round,
And lead the Bridegroom on,
And Hymen *has the Altar crown'd,*
While all thy sighing Lovers are undone.

To see thee pass they throng the Plain;
The Groves with Flowers are strown,
And every young and envying Swain
Wishes the Hour his own.
Rise then, and let the God of Day,
When thou dost to the Lover yield,
Behold more Treasure given away
Then he in his vast Circle e're beheld.

Bel. Hah, *Phillis Leticia*'s Woman!

Ging. Fie Mrs. *Phillis*, do ye take us for Fidlers that play for Hire? I came to compliment Mrs. *Leticia* on her Wedding Morning because she is my Scholar.

Phill. She sends it only to drink her Health.

Ging. Come Lads let's to the Tavern then—— [*Exit Musick.*

Bel. Hah! said he *Leticia*?
——Sure I shall turn to Marble at this News
I harden——and cold Damps pass through my senseless Pores.——
——Hah——who's here——

Enter Gayman *wrapt in his Cloak.*

Gay. 'Tis yet too early, but my Soul's impatient
And I must see, *Leticia*—— [*goes to the Door.*

Bel. Death and the Divel——the Bridegroom——

Stay

Stay Sir, by Heaven you } *Gay* gives the Door a kick, as if he would break it open, and
pass not this way— } *him enter, and draws.*

Gay. Hah! what art thou that dar'st forbid me Entrance?

They fight a while, and closing view each other.

Bel. Gayman!

Gay. My honest *Belmour!*

Bel. Oh thou unjust Friend, to use me thus! Deceiver!

Gay. Hah, this to me dear *Harry?*

Bel. Whether is Kindness, Truth and Friendship fled?

Gay. Why then one e're was such a Vertue.
'Tis all a Poets Dream.

Bel. I thank you Sir.

Gay. I am sorry for't, or that ever I did any thing that could deserve it; but by your Sword——an honest man would lay how he's offended before he rudely draws.

Bel. Are not you going to be married Sir?

Gay. No Sir, as long as any man in *London* is so, that has but a handsom Wife Sir.

Bel. Art not you in Love Sir?

Gay. Most damnably, and would fain lye with the dear jilting Gypsy.

Bel. Hah——who would you lye with Sir?

Gay. You catechise me roundly——'tis not fair to name, but I am no Starter, *Harry*, just as you left me you find me, I am for the faithless *Julia* still, the Old Alderman's Wife. 'Twas high time the City should lose their Charter, when their Wives turn'd honest: but pray Sir answer me a Question or two——

Bel. Answer me first, how came you here this Morning?

Gay. Faith to do you Service. Your Damn'd treacherous Jade of a Mistress has learned of her Neighbours the Art of Swearing and Lying in abundance, and is——

Bel. To be married!

Gay. Even so, God save the Mark; and she'll be a fair one for many an Arrow besides her Husbands, tho he an old *Cupid* here this threescore Years.

Bel. Who mean you?

Gay. Why thy Cuckold that shall be, if thou'lt wife.

Bel. Away——thou dally'st with me.
Who is this Man?——

Gay. Why an old Knight, and Alderman, here o'th City, Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*, a jolly old Fellow, whose Activity is all got into his Tongue, a very excellent Speaker; but neither Youth nor Beauty can grind his Dugin to an Edge.

Bel. Fie what stuff's here.

Gay. Very excellent stuff, if you have but the Grace to improve it,

Bel. You banter me — but in plain English tell me
What made you here thus early,
Entring yon House with such Authority?

Gay. Why your Mistress *Leticia* — your contracted Wife, is this Morning to be married to old Sir *Feeble Fainwou'd*, induc'd to't I suppose by the great Joynture he makes her, and the Improbability of your ever gaining your Pardon for your high Duel — Do I speak English now Sir?

Bel. Too well, would I had never heard thee.

Gay. Now I being the Confident in your Amours, the Jack-go-between — the civil Pimp, or so — you left her in charge with me at your Departure —

Bel. I did so.

Gay. I saw her every day — and every day she paid the Tribute of a Shower of Tears, to the dear Lord of all her Vows, Young *Belmour*;
Till Faith at last, for Reasons manifold,
I slackt my daily Visits.

Bel. And left her to Temptation — was that well done?

Gay. Now must I afflict you and my self with a long Tale of Causes why;
Or be charg'd with want of Friendship.

Bel. You will do well to clear that Point to me.

Gay. I see you'r peevish, and you shall be humor'd.
You know my *Julia* —
Play'd me e'en such another Prank as your false one is going to play you, and married old Sir *Cautious Fulbank* here i'th' City; at which you know I storm'd, and rav'd, and swore, as thou wo't now, and to as little purpose. There was but one Way left, and that was Cuckolding him.

Bel. Well that Design I left thee hot upon.

Gay. And hotly have pursu'd it. Swore — Wept — Vow'd — Wrote, upbraided, pray'd and rail'd; then treated lavishly — and presented high — till between you and I *Harry*, I have presented the best part of Eight hundred a year into her Husbands hands, in Mortgage.

Bel. This is the Course you'd have me steer, I thank you.

Gay. No no, Pox on't, all Women are not Jilts. Some are honest, and will give as well as take; or else there would not be so many broke i'th' City. — In fine Sir, I have been in Tribulation, that is to say, Money-less, for six tedious Weeks, without either Cloaths — or Equipage to appear withal; and so not only my own Love affair lay neglected — but thine too — and I am fore'd to pretend to my Lady, that I am i'th' Country with a Dying Uncle — from whom if he were indeed dead, I expect Two thousand a year.

Bel.

Bel. But what's all this to being here this Morning?

Gay. Thus have I lain conceal'd like a winter Fly, hoping for some bleſt Sun-Shine to warm me into Life again, and make me hover my flagging Wings; till the News of this Marriage (which fills the Town) made me crawl out this ſilent Hour—to upbraid the fickle Maid.

Bel. Didſt thou?——purſue thy kind Deſign. Get me to ſee her, and ſure no Woman ever polleſt with a new Paſſion, Grown confident even to Proſtitution; But when ſhe ſees the Man to whom ſhe'as ſworn ſo very ——very much, will find Remorſe and Shame.

Gay. For your ſake though the Day be broke upon us, And I'm undone if ſeen—I'le venture in—— [*Throws his Cloak over.*

Enter Sir Feeble Fainwou'd—*Sir* Cautious Fulbank—Bearjeſt—*and* Noyſey. [*paſs over the Stage and go in.*

——Hah——ſee——the Bridegroom! And with him my deſtin'd Cuckold, old Sir *Cautious Fulbank.*

——Hah——what ail'ſt thou Man?

Bel. The Bridegroom! Like *Gorgons* Head he'as turn'd me into Stone——

Gay. Gorgon's Head——a Cuckolds Head——'twas made to graft upon——

Bel. By Heaven I'le ſeize her even at the Altar! And bear her thence in Triumph.

Gay. Ay, and be born to *Newgate* in Triumph, and be hang'd in Triumph——'twill be cold Comfort celebrating your Nuptials in the Preſs Yard, and be wak'd next Morning like Mr. *Barnardine* in the Play——Will you pleaſe to Riſe and be hang'd a little Sir?

Bel. What wouldſt thou have me do?

Gay. As many an Honeſt Man has done before thee—— Cuckold him——Cuckold him.

Bel. What—and ſee him marry her! She that's mine by Sacred Vow already? By Heaven it would b Flat Adultery in her!

Gay. ——She'l learn the Trick, and practiſe it the better with thee.

Bel. Oh Heavens! *Leticia* marry him! and lye with him!—— ——Here will I ſtand and ſee this ſhameful Woman, See if ſhe dares paſs by me to this Wickedneſs.

Gay. Hark ye *Harry*——in earneſt have a care of betraying your ſelf——and do not venture ſweet Life for a fickle Woman, who perhaps hates you.

Bel. You counſel well——but yet to ſee her married!——

How

How every thought of that ſhocks all my Reſolution——
But hang it I'll be Reſolute and Sawcy,
Deſpiſe a Woman who can uſe me ill,
And think my ſelf above her.
Gay. Why now thou art thy ſelf——a Man again.
But ſee they'r coming forth, now ſtand your ground.

Enter Sir Feeble, Sir Cautious, Bearjeſt, Noyſey, Leticia *ſad*, Diana, Phillis. *Paſs over the Stage.*

Bel. 'Tis ſhe, ſupport me *Charles*, or I ſhall ſink to Earth,
——Methought in paſſing by ſhe caſt a doubtful Glance at me;
Such charming Pride I've ſeen upon her Eyes,
When our Love-Quarrels arm'd 'em with Diſdain——
——I'le after 'em, if I live ſhe ſhall not ſcape me. *Offers to go.*
Gay. Hold, remember you'r proſcribed, *Gay holds him.*
And dye if you are taken——.
Bel. I've done and I will live, but he ſhall ne're enjoy her.
——Who's yonder, *Ralph*, my truſty Confident?

Enter Ralph.

Now though I periſh I muſt ſpeak to him.
——Friend, what Wedding's this?
Ral. One that was never made in Heaven ſir,
'Tis Alderman *Fairwou'd*, and Mrs. *Leticia Bredwell*.
Bel. Bredwell——I've heard of her——ſhe was Miſtreſs——
Ral. To fine Mr *Belmour* Sir——ay there was a Gentleman——
But reſt his Soul——he's hang'd Sir. *Weeps.*
Bel. How! hang'd?
Ral. Hang'd Sir, hang'd——at the *Hague* in *Holland*.
Gay. I heard ſome ſuch News, but did not credit it.
Bel. For what ſaid they was he hang'd?
Ral. Why e'en for High Treaſon Sir, he kill'd one of their Kings.
Gay. Holland's a Common-wealth, and is not rul'd by Kings.
Ral. Not by one Sir, but by a great many; this was a Cheeſmonger——they fell out over a Bottle of Brandy, went to *Snicker Snee*, Mr. *Belmour* cut his Throat, and was hang'd for't, that's all Sir.
Bel. And did the young Lady believe this?
Ral. Yes, and took on moſt heavily, the Doctors gave her——and there was the Divel to do to get her to conſent to this Marriage——but her Fortune was ſmall, and the Hope of a Ladyſhip, and a Gold Chain at the Spittle Sermon

did

did the Business, [illegible] and so your Servant Sir. [Exit Ralph.

Bel. So——here's a hopeful Account of my sweet self now.

Enter Post-man with Letters.

Post. Pray Sir which is Sir *Feeble Fainwoud's*?

Bel. What wou'd you with him, Friend?

Post. I have a Letter here from the *Hague* for him.

Bel. From the *Hague*! Now have I a Curiosity to see it——— I am his Servant———give it me——— [*Gives it him and Exit.*

——Perhaps here may be the second part of my Tragedy. I'm full of Mischief, *Charles*——and have a mind to see this Fellows Secrets. For from this hour I'le be his evil Genius, haunt him at Bed and Board, he shall not sleep nor eat——disturb him at his Prayers, in his Embraces, and teaz him into Madness.

Help me Invention, Malice, Love, and Wit. [*Opening the Letter.*

Ye Gods, and little Fiends instruct my Mischief. [*Reads.*

Dear Brother, according to your Desire I have sent for my Son from St. Omers, *whom I have sent to wait on you in* England, *he is a very good Accountant and fit for Business, and much pleas'd he shall see that Uncle to whom he's so obliged, and which is so gratefully acknowledged by——— Dear Brother, your affectionat Brother*

Francis Fainwoud.

———Hum——harkye *Charles*, do you know who I am now?

Gay. Why I hope a very honest Friend of mine, *Harry Belmour*.

Bel. No Sir, you are mistaken in your Man.

Gay. It may be so.

Bel. I am d'ye see *Charles*, this very individual, numerical young Mr.———*what ye call um Fainwoud*, just come from Saint *Omers* into *England*——to my Uncle the Alderman.

I am, *Charles*, this very Man.

Gay. I know you are, and will swear't upon occasion.

Bel. This lucky Thought has almost calm'd my mind. And if I don't fit you my dear Uncle——— May I never lye with my Aunt.

Gay. Ah Rogue———but prethee what care have you taken about your Pardon? twere good you should secure that.

Bel. There's the Divel *Charles*,——had I but that———but I have had a very good Friend at work, a thousand Guyneys, that seldom fails; but yet in Vain, I being the first Transgression since the Act against Duelling.

But I impatient to see this dear Delight of my Soul, And hearing from none of you this six Weeks, came from *Bruxels* in this Disguise———for the *Hague* I have not Seen, though hang'd there——but come ——lets away.

And

And compleat me a right Saint *Omers* Spark, that I
May present my self as soon as they come from Church. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Sir* Cautious Fulbank's *House.*

Enter Lady Fulbank, Pert, *and* Bredwell. Bredwel *gives her a Letter.*

——— [*Lady* Fulbank *reads*

Did my Julia *know how I Languish in this cruel Separation, she would afford me her Pity, And write oftner. If only the Expectation of two thousand a Year kept me from you, ah!* Julia *how easily would I abandon that Trifle for your more valued Sight, but that I know a Fortune will render me more agreable to the charming* Julia, *I should quit all my Interest here, to throw my self at her Feet, to make her sensible how am I intirely her Adorer,* Charles Gayman.

———Faith *Charles* you lye——you are as welcome to me now,
Now when I doubt thy Fortune is declining,
As if the Universe were thine.

Pert. That Madam is a Noble Gratitude. For if his Fortune be declining, 'tis sacrificed to his Passion for your Ladyship.

———'Tis all laid out on Love.

L. Ful. I prize my Honour more than Life;
Yet I had rather have given him all he wish'd of me,
Than be guilty of his Undoing.

Pert. And I think the Sin were less.

L. Ful. I must, confess, such Jewels, Rings, and Presents as he made me must needs decay his Fortune.

Bred. Ay Madam, his very Coach at last was turned into a Jewel for your Ladyship.
Then Madam what Expences his Despairs have run him on——
As Drinking and Gaming to divert the Thought of your marrying my old Master.

L. Ful. And put in Wenching too.——

Bred. No assure your self Madam——

L. Ful. Of that I would be better satisfied——— and you too must assist me as e're you hope I should be kind to you in gaining you *Diana* [*To* Bredwel.

Bred. Madam, I'le dye to serve you.

Pert. Nor will I be behind in my Duty.

L. Ful. Oh how fatal are forc'd Marriages!
How many Ruines one such Match pulls on———
Had I but kept my sacred Vows to *Gayman*
How happy had I been———how prosperous he!
Whilst now I languish in a loath'd Embrace,

Pine

Pine out my Life with Age——Consumptious Coughs,
——But dost thou fear that *Gayman* is declining?

Bred. You are my Lady, and the best of Mistresses——
Therefore I would not grieve you, for I know
You love this best——but most unhappy Man.

L. Fulb. You shall not grieve me——prithee on——

Bred. My Master sent me yesterday to Mr. *Crap* his Scrivener, to send to one Mr. *Wastall*, to tell him his first Mortgage was out, which is two hundred pounds a Year——and who has since ingaged five or six hundred more to my Master; but if this first be not redeem'd he'll take the Forfeit on't, as he says a Wise Man ought.

L. Fulb. That is to say, a Knave according to his Notion of a Wise Man.

Bred. Mr *Crap* being busie with a Borrowing Lord, sent me to Mr. *Wastall*; whose Lodging is in a nasty Place, called *Alsatia*, at a Black-Smiths.

L. Fulb. But what's all this to *Gayman*?

Bred. Madam, this *Wastall* was Mr. *Gayman*.

L. Fulb. *Gayman*? Saw'st thou *Gayman*?

Bred. Madam, Mr. *Gayman*, yesterday.

L. Fulb. When came he to Town?

Bred. Madam, he has not been out of it.

L. Fulb. Not at his Uncles in *Northamptonshire*?

Bred. Your Ladyship was wont to credit me.

L. Fulb. Forgive me——you went to a Black-Smiths——

Bred. Yes Madam; and at the Door encounter'd the beastly thing he calls a Landlady; who lookt as if she'ad been of her own Husband's making, compos'd of moulded Smith's Dust. I ask'd for Mr. *Wastall*, and she began to open——and did so rail at him, that what with her *Billingsgate*, and her Husband's Hammers, I was both Deaf and Dumb——at last the Hammers ceas'd, and she grew weary, and call'd down Mr. *Wastall*; but he not answering——I was sent up a Ladder rather than a pair of Stairs; at last I scal'd the top, and enter'd the Inchanted Castle; there did I find him, spight of the Noise below, drowning his Cares in Sleep.

L. Fulb. Whom foundst thou *Gayman*——?

Bred. He Madam, whom I waked——and seeing me.
Heavens what Confusion seiz'd him! which nothing but my own Surprize could equal. Asham'd——he wou'd have turn'd away,
But when he saw by my dejected Eyes, I knew him,
He sight, and blusht, and heard me tell my Business.
Then beg'd I wou'd be secret: for he vow'd, his whole Repose and Life, depended on my Silence. Nor had I told it now,
But that your Ladyship, may find some speedy means to draw him from this desperate Condition.

L. Fulb. Heav'n is't possible! ——

Bred. He's driven to the last degree of Poverty ——— Had you but seen his Lodgings, Madam!

L. Fulb. What were they?

Bred. 'Tis a pretty convenient Tub Madam. He may lie along in't, there's just room for an old Joyn'd Stool besides the Bed, which one cannot call a Cabin, about the largeness of a Pantry Bin, or a Usurer's Trunk, there had been Dornex Curtains to't in the Days of *Yore*; but they were now annihilated, and nothing left to save his Eyes from the Light, but my Land-ladies Blew Apron, ty'd by the strings before the Window, in which stood a broken six-penny Looking-Glass, that show'd as many Faces, as the Scene in *Henry* the Eighth, which could but just stand upright, and then the Comb-Case fill'd it.

L. Fulb. What a lewd Description hast thou made of his Chamber!

Bred. Then for his Equipage, 'tis banisht to one small Monsieur, who (sawcy with his Master's Poverty) is rather a Companion than a Foot-man.

L. Fulb. But what said he to the Forfeiture of his Land?

Bred He sigh't, and cry'd, Why farewel dirty Acres. It shall not trouble me, since 'twas all but for Love!

L. Fulb. How much redeems it?

Bred. Madam, five hundred pounds.

L. Fulb. Enough ——— you shall, in some Disguise convey this Money to him, as from an unknown hand: I wou'd not have him think it comes from me, for all the World; That Nicety and Vertue I've profest, I am resolv'd to keep.

Per. If I were your Ladyship, I wou'd make use of Sir *Cautious* his Cash: Pay him in his own Coyn.

Bred. Your Ladyship wou'd make no Scruple of it, if you knew how this poor Gentleman has been us'd by my unmerciful Master.

L. Fulb. I have a Key already to his Counting-House; it being lost, he had another made, and this I found and kept.

Bred. Madam, this is an excellent time for't, my Master being gone to give my Sister *Leticia* at Church.

L. Fulb. 'Tis so, I'll go and commit the Theft, whilst you prepare to carry it, and then we'll to Dinner with your Sister the Bride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SCENE III. *The House of Sir* Feeble.

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia, *Sir* Cautious, Bearjest, Diana, Noysey. *Sir* Feeble *sings and salutes 'em.*

Sir Feeb. WElcome *Joan Sanderson*, welcome, welcome, [*Kiss the Bride.*
Ods bobs, and so thou art Sweet-Heart. [*So to the rest.*

Bear. Me-thinks my Lady Bride is very Melancholy.

Sir Cau. Ay, Ay, Women that are discreet, are always thus upon their Wedding-day.

Sir Feeb. Always by Day-light, Sir *Cautious.*

But when Bright Phœbus *do's retire*
To Thetis *Bed to quench his fire,*
And do the thing we need not name,
We Mortals by his influence do the same.
Then thou the Blushing Maid lays by
Her simpering, and her Modesty;
And round the Lover clasps and twines
Like Ivy, or the cirkling Vines.

Sir Feeb. Here *Ralph*, the Bottle Rogue, of Sack ye Rascal, hadst thou been a Butler worth hanging, thou wou'dst have met us at the door with it——Ods bobs Sweet-Heart thy Health.

Bear. Away with it, to the Brides Haunce in Welver.

Sir Feeb. Gots so, go to Rogue, go to, that shall be, Knave, that shall be, by the Morrow Morning; he——ods bobs, we'll do't Sweet-Heart; here's to't—— [*Drinks again.*

Let. I dye but to Imagine it, wou'd I were dead indeed.

Sir Feeb. Hah——hum——how's this? Tears upon your Wedding-day? Why——why—— you Baggage you, ye little Ting, Fools-face——away you Rogue, you'r naughty, you'r naughty, [*Patting, and playing, and following her.*
Look——look——look now, ——buss it——buss it——and Friends, did'ums, did'ums, beat its none silly Baby——away you little Hussey, away, and pledge me--- [*She drinks a little.*

Sir Cau. A wise discreet Lady, I'll warrant her, my Lady wou'd prodigally have took it off all——

Sir Feeb. Dear's its nown dear Fubs; buss again, buss again, away, away——ods bobs, I long for Night——look——look *Sir Cautious*; what an Eye's there——

Sir Cautious. Ay, so there is Brother, and a Modest Eye too.

Sir Feeb. Adad, I love her more and more, *Ralph*——call old *Susan* hither——Come Mr. *Bearjest*, put the Glass about. Ods bobs, when I was a young Fellow, I wou'd not let the young Wenches look pale and wan——but wou'd rouse 'em, and touse 'em, and blowze 'em, 'till I put a Colour in their Cheeks, like an Apple *John* affacks——Nay, I can make a shift still, and Pupsey shall not be Jealous——

Enter Susan, Sir Feeble *whispers her, she goes out.*

Let. Indeed not I Sir. I shall be all Obedience

Sir Cau. A most Judicious Lady; wou'd my *Julia* had a little of her Modesty; but my Lady's a Wit.

[*Enter* Susan *with a Box.*

Sir *Feeb.* Look here my little Puskin, here's fine Play-things for its n'own little Coxcomb——go——get ye gone——get ye gone and off with this Saint *Martins* Trumpery, these Play-house Glass Baubles, this Necklace, and these Pendants, and all this false Ware; ods bobs I'll have no counterfeit Geer about thee, not I. See——these are right as the Blushes on thy Cheeks and these——as true as my Heart my Girl. Go——put 'em on and be fine—— [*gives 'em her*

Let. Believe me Sir I shall not merit this Kindness.

Sir Feeb. Go to——More of your Love, and less of your Ceremony——give the old Fool a hearty Buss and pay him that Way——he ye little wanton Tit, I'll steal up——and catch ye and love ye——adod I will——get ye gone——get ye gone——

Let. Heav'ns what a nautious thing is an old Man turn'd Lover.

[*Exit* Leticia *and* Diana.

Sir *Cau.* How steal up Sir *Feeble*——I hope not so; I hold it most indecent before the lawful Hour.

Sir *Feeb.* Lawful Hour! Why I hope all Hours are Lawful with a Mans own Wife.

Sir *Cau.* But wise Men have Respect to Times and Seasons.

Sir *Feeb.* Wise young Men Sir *Cautious*, but wise old Men must nick their Inclinations, for it is not as 'twas wont to be, for it is not as 'twas wont to be—— [*Singing and dancing.*

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir here's a young Gentleman without wou'd speak with you.

Sir Feeb. Hum——I hope it is not that same *Belmour* come to forbid the Banes——if it be, he comes too late——there-

fore

fore bring me first my long Sword, and then the Gentleman.

[*Exit* Ralph.

Bea. Pray Sir use mine it is a travell'd Blade I can assure you Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* I thank you Sir———

Enter Ralph *and* Belmour *disguis'd, gives him a Letter; he reads.*

——— How——— my Nephew———

Francis Fainwood? [*Embraces him*

Bel. I am glad he has told me my Christian Name.

Sir *Feeb.* Sir *Cautious* know my Nephew———'tis a young Saint *Omers* Scholar———but none of the Witnesses.

Sir *Cau.* Marry Sir, the wiser he——— for they got nothing by't.

Bel. Sir I love and honour you because you are a Traveller.

Sir *Feeb.* A very proper young Fellow, and as like old *Frank Fainwood* as the Devil to the Collier; but *Francis* you are come into a very lewd Town *Francis* for whoring and plotting and roaring and drinking, but you must go to Church *Francis*, and avoid ill Company, or you may make damnable Havock in my Cash *Francis*———what you can keep Merchants Books?

Bel. 'T has been my Study Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* And you will not be proud but will be commanded by me *Francis*?

Bel. I desire not to be favour'd as a Kinsman Sir, but as your humblest Servant.

Sir *Feeb.* Why thou't an honest Fellow *Francis*——— and thou'rt heartily welcome——— and I'll make thee Fortunate! But come Sir *Cautious* let you and I take a Turn i'th Garden, and beget a right Understanding between your Nephew Mr. *Bearjest* and my Daughter *Dye*.

Sir *Can.* Prudently thought on Sir, I'll wait on you———

[*Exit Sir* Feeble *and Sir* Cautious.

Bea. You are a Traveller Sir, I understand———

Bel. I have seen a little part of the World Sir.

Bea. So have I Sir I thank my Stars, and have performed most of my Travels on Foot Sir.

Bel. You did not travel far then I presume Sir.

Bea. No Sir, it was for my Diversion indeed; but I assure you I travell'd into *Ireland* a-foot Sir.

Bel. Sure Sir, you go by Shipping into *Ireland*?

Bea. That's all one Sir, I was still a-foot——— ever walking on the Deck———

Bel. Was that your farthest Travels Sir?

Bea.

Bea. Farthest——why that's the End of the World——and sure a Man can go no further.

Bel. Sure there can be nothing worth a Man's Curiosity?

Bea. No Sir? I'll assure you there are the Wonders of the World Sir; I'll hint you this one. There is a Harbour which since the Creation was never capable of receiving a Lighter, yet by another Miracle the King of *France* was to ride there with a vast Fleet of Ships, and to land a hundred thousand Men.

Bel. This is a swinging Wonder——but are there Store of Mad Men there Sir——?

Bea. That's another Rarity to see a Man run out of his Wits.

Noy. Marry Sir, the wiser they I say.

Bea. Pray Sir what Store of Miracles have you at St. *Omers*?

Bel. None Sir since that of the Wonderful *Salamanca* Doctor, who was both here and there, at the same Instant of time.

Bea. How Sir! Why that's impossible.

Bel. That was the Wonder Sir, because 'twas impossible.

Noy. But 'twas a greater Sir that 'twas believed.

Enter L. Fulb. *and* Pert. *Sir* Cau. and Sir *Feeb.*

Sir *Feeb.* Enough, enough, Sir *Cautious* we apprehend one another, Mr. *Bearjest*, your Uncle here and I have struck the Bargain, the Wench is yours with three thousand Pound present, and something more after Death: Which your Uncle likes well.

Bea. Does he so Sir, I'm beholding to him, then 'tis not a Pin matter whether I like or not, Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* How Sir not like my Daughter *Dye?*

Bea. Oh Lord Sir——dye or live 'tis all one for that Sir——I'll stand to the Bargain my Uncle makes.

Pert. Will you so Sir, you'll have very good Luck if you do——

Aside.

Bea. Prethee hold thy Peace, my Lady's Woman.

L. *Fulb.* Sir I beg your Pardon for not waiting on you to Church——I knew you wou'd be private——

Enter Let. *fine in Jewels.*

Sir *Feeb.* You honour us too highly now Madam——

Presents his Wife, who salutes her.

L. *Fulb.* Give you joy my dear *Leticia*! I find Sir you were resolved for Youth Wit and Beauty.

Sir *Feeb.* Ay Madam to the Comfort of many a hoping Coxcomb but *Lette*——Rogue *Lette*——thou won't not make me free o'th' City

ty a second time, wo't thou entice the Rogues with the *Twire* and wanton *Leere*——the Amorous Simper that crys come kiss me——then the pretty round Lips are pouted out——he Rogue how I long to be at 'em!——well she shall never go to Church more——that she shall not.

L. Fulb. How Sir, not to Church, the chiefest Recreation of a City Lady?

Sir *Feeb.* That's all one Madam, that tricking and dressing and prinking and patching, is not your Devotion to Heaven, but to the young Knaves that are lick't and comb'd——and are minding you more than the Parson——ods bobs there are more Cuckolds dest-in'd at Church than are made out of it.

Sir *Cau.* ha, ha, ha, he! tickles ye e Faith Ladys. *[To his Lady.*

Bel. Not one chance look this Way——and yet
I can forgive her lovely Eyes——
Because they look not pleas'd with all this Ceremony;
And yet methinks some Sympathy in Love
Might this Way glance their Beams——I cannot hold——
——Sir, is this fair Lady my Aunt?

Sir *Feeb.* Oh *Francis!* Come hither *Francis*.
Lette, here's a young Rogue has a Mind to kiss thee.
[Puts them together, she starts back.
——Nay start not, he's my own Flesh and Blood
My Nephew——Baby——look——look how the young
Rogues stare at one another, like will to like, I see that.

Let. There's something in his Face, so like my *Belmour* it calls my Blushes up, and leaves my Heart defenceless——

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Sir, Dinner's on the Table.

Sir Feeb. Come, come——let's in then——Gentlemen and Ladys——
And share to day my Pleasures and Delight
But——
Adds hobs they must be all mine own at Night.

The End of the first Act.

ACT II.

ACT II. SCENE I. Gayman's Lodging.

Enter Gayman in a Night-Cap and an old Campaign Coat tyed about him. Very melancholy.

Gay. Curse on my Birth! Curse on my faithless fortune!
Curse on my Stars, and curse be all——but Love!
That dear, that charming Sin, tho' I have pull'd
Innumerable Mischiefs on my Head,
I have not, nor I cannot find Repentance for.
No let me dye despis'd, upbraided, poor,
Let Fortune, Friends and all abandon me,
But let me hold thee thou soft smiling God
Close to my Heart while Life continues there.
Till the last Pantings of my vital Blood
May the last spark of Life and Fire be Love's!

Enter Rag.

——How now *Rag*, what's a Clock?

Rag. My Belly can inform you better than my Tongue.

Gay. Why you gormandizing Vermine you, what have you done with the Three-pence I gave you a Fortnight ago.

Rag. Alas Sir that's all gone, long since.

Gay. You gutling Rascal, you are enough to breed a Famine in a Land. I have known some industrious Foot-men, that have not only gotten their own Livings, but a pretty Livelihood for their Masters too.

Rag. Ay, till they came to the Gallows Sir.

Gay. Very well Sirrah, they dy'd in an honourable Calling, but hark'y' *Rag*——I have Business——very earnest Business abroad this Evening, now were you a Rascal of Docity, you wou'd invent a way——to get home my last Suit that was laid in Lavender——with the Appurtenances thereunto belonging, as Perriwig, Cravat——and——so forth——

Rag, Faith Master I must deal in the black Art then, for no Humane Means will do't——and now I talk of the black Art Master, try your Power once more with my Land-lady——

Gay. Oh! Name her not, the thought on't turns my Stomach——a Sight of her is a Vomit, but he's a bold Hero that dares venture

venture on her for a Kiss, and all beyond that Hire is Hell it self——yet there's my last, last Refuge——and I must to this Wedding——I know not what——but something Whispers me——this Night I shall be happy——and without *Julia* 'tis impossible!——

Rag. Julia, whose that my Lady *Fulbank* Sir?

Gay. Peace Sirrah——and call——a——no——Pox on't come back——and yet——yes——call my full-some Landlady. [*Exit* Rag.

——Sir *Cautious* knows me not, by Name or Person. And I will to this Wedding, I'm sure of seeing *Julia* there. And what may come of that——but here's old Nasty coming. I smell her up——hah my dear Landlady—— [*Enter* Rag *and* Land. Quite out of Breath——a Chair there for my Landlady——

Rag. Here's ne'er a one Sir.

Land. More of your Money and less of your Civility good Mr. *Wastall.*

Gay. Dear Land-Lady——

Land. Dear me no Dears Sir, but let me have my Money——Eight Weeks Rent last Friday. Besides Taverns, Ale-houses, Chandlers, Landeresses, Scores, and ready Money out of my Purse; you know it Sir.

Gay. Ay but your Husband does not; speak softly.

Land. My Husband! What do you think to fright me with my Husband——I'd have you to know I am an honest Woman and care not this——for my Husband. Is this all the thanks I have for my Kindness, for patching, borrowing, and shifting for you; 'twas but last Week I pawn'd my best Petticoat, as I hope to wear it again it cost me six and twenty Shillings besides Making; then this Morning my new *Norwich* Mantue follow'd, and two posset Spoons, I had the whole Dozen when you came first; but they dropt, and dropt, till I had only *Judas* left for my Husband.

Gay. Hear me good Landlady——

Land. Then I've past my Word at the *George-Tavern* for forty Shillings for you, ten Shillings at my Neighbour *Squabs* for Ale; besides seven Shillings to Mother *Suds* for washing, and do you fob me off with my Husband?——

Gay. Here *Rag*——run and fetch her a Pint of Sack——there's no other way of quenching the Fire in her flaber Chops; [*Exit* Rag.——but my dear Landlady have a little Patience.

Land. Patience? I scorn your Words Sir——is this a place to trust in, tell me of Patience that us'd to have my Money before Hand; come, come pay me quickly——or old *Gregory Grimes* House shall be too hot to hold you.

Gay. Is't come to this, can I not be heard!

Land. No Sir, you had good Cloaths when you came first, but they dwind'ld dayly, till they dwindl'd to this old Campaign—— with tan'd-colour'd Lining ——— once red ——— but now all Colours of the Rain-bow, a Cloak to sculk in a-Nights, and a pair of Piss-burn'd shammy Breeches. Nay your very Badg of Manhood's gone too

Gay. How Landlady, nay then i-Faith no Wonder if you rail so.

Land. Your Silver Sword I mean—transmogrified to this two-handed Basket Hilt—— this old Sir *Guy* of *Warwick*—— which will sell for nothing but old Iron. In fine I'll have my Money Sir, or i-faith *Alsatia* shall not shelter you. [*Enter* Rag.

Gay. Well Landlady——if we must part——let's drink at parting, here Landlady, here's to the Fool——that shall love you better then I have done. [*Sighing drinks.*

Land. Rot your Wine——d'e think to pacifie me with Wine Sir. [*She refusing to drink he holds open her Jaws*; Rag *throws a Glass of Wine into her Mouth.*

——What will you force me——no——give me another Glass, I scorn to be so uncivil to be forc'd, my service to you Sir——but this shan't do Sir—— [*She drinks, he imbracing her sings.*

Ah Cloris *'tis in vain you scold,*
Whilst your Eyes kindle such a Fire.
Your railing cannot make me cold,
So fast as they a Warmth inspire.

Land. Well Sir you have no Reason to complain of my Eyes nor my Tongue neither, if rightly understood. [*weeps.*

Gay. I know you are the best of Landladys, As such I drink your Health—— [*drinks.*

——But to upbraid a Man in Tribulation——fie——'tis not done like a Woman of Honour, a Man that loves you too. [*She drinks.*

Land. I am a little hasty sometimes, but you know my good Nature.

Gay. I do and therefore trust my little Wants with you. I shall be rich again——and then my dearest Landlady——

Land. Wou'd this Wine might ne'er go through me, if I wou'd not go as they say through Fire and Water——by Night or by Day for you. [*She drinks.*

Gay. And as this is Wine——I do believe thee—— [*he drinks.*

Land. Well——you have no Money in your Pocket now I'll warrant you——here——here's ten Shillings for you old *Greg'ry* knows not of. [*Opens a great greasie Purse.*

Gay.

Gay. I cannot in Conſcience take it, good Faith I cannot—beſides the next Quarrel you'll hit me in the Teeth with it.

Land. Nay pray no more of that, forget it, forget it. I own I was to blame——here——Sir you ſhall take it.

Gay. Ay——but what ſhou'd I do with Money in——theſe——damn'd Breeches?——No put it up——I can't appear abroad thus——no I'll ſtay at home and looſe my buſineſs.

Land. Why, is there no Way to redeem one of your Suits?

Gay. None——none——I'll e'en lay me down and dye.——

Land. Dye——marry Heavens forbid——I would not for the World——let me ſee——hum——what does it lie for?

Gay. Alas! dear Landlady a Sum——a Sum.

Land. Well, ſay no more, I'll lay about me——

Gay. By this Kiſs but you ſhall not——*Aſſafetida* by this Light.

Land. Shall not? that's a good one i-Faith; ſhall you rule——or I?

Gay. But ſhou'd your Husband know it.

Land. Husband——marry come up, Husbands know Wives Secrets? No ſure the Worlds not ſo bad yet——where do your things lie? and for what?

Gay. Five pound equips me——*Rag* can conduct you——but I ſay you ſhall not go——I've ſworn——

Land. Meddle with your Matters——let me ſee, the Candle Cup that Molly's Grandmother left her will pawn for about that Sum——I'll ſneak it out——well Sir you ſhall have your things preſently——trouble not your Head, but expect me.

[*Exit* Landlady *and* Rag.

Gay. Was ever Man put to ſuch beaſtly Shifts? 'Sdeath, how ſhe ſtunk——my Senſes are moſt luxuriouſly regall'd——there's my perpetual Muſick too—— [*Knocking of Hammers on an Anvil.* The ringing of Bells is an Aſs to't.

Enter Rag.

Rag. Sir there's one in a Coach below wou'd ſpeak to you.

Gay. With me——and in a Coach, who can it be?

Rag. The Devil I think, for he has a ſtrange Countenance.

Gay. The Devil, ſhew your ſelf a Raſcal of Parts, Sirrah, and wait on him up with Ceremony.

Rag. Who the Devil, Sir?

Gay. Ay the Devil Sir, if you mean to thrive. [*Exit.* Rag.——Who can this be——but ſee he comes to inform me——withdraw—— [*Enter* Bredwell *dreſt like a Devil.*

Bred. I come to bring you this—— [*gives him a Letter, he reads.*

Gayman *reads. Receive what Love and Fortune present you with, be grateful and be silent, or 'twill vanish like a Dream, and leave you more wretched than it found you* [adieu.

——hah—— [*gives him a Bag of Money.*

Bred. Nay view it Sir, 'tis all substantial Gold.

Gay. Now dare not I ask one civil Question for fear it vanish all—— [*aside*

But I may ask how 'tis I ought to pay for this great Bounty.

Bred. Sir all the Pay is Secresie——

Gay. And is this all that is required Sir?

Bred. No you're invited to the Shades below.

Gay. Hum, Shades below?——I am not prepar'd for such a Journey Sir.

Bred. If you have Courage, Youth, or Love, you'll follow me,
When Nights black Curtains drawn around the World,
And mortal Eyes are safely lockt in Sleep, [*In feign'd Heroick Tone.*
And no bold Spy dares view when Gods caress:
Then I'll conduct thee to the Banks of Bliss.
——Durst thou not trust me?

Gay. Yes sure on such substantial Security. [*hugs the Bag.*

Bred. Just when the Day is vanish't into Night,
And only twinkling Stars inform the World,
Near to the Corner of the silent Wall
In Fields of *Lincolns-Inn* thy Spirit shall meet thee.
——Farewel—— [*goes out.*

Gay. Hum——I am awake sure, and this is Gold I grasp.
I could not see this Devil's cloven Foot,
Nor am I such a Coxcomb to believe,
But he was as substantial as his Gold.
Spirits, Ghost, Hobgoblings, Furys, Fiends, and Devils
I've often heard old Wives fright Fools and Children with,
Which once arriv'd to common Sense they laugh at.
——No, I am for things possible and Natural,
——Some Female Devil old, and damn'd to Ugliness,
And past all Hopes of Courtship and Address,
Full of another Devil call'd Desire,
Has seen this Face——this——Shape——this Youth
And thinks it worth her Hire. It must be so.
I must moyl on in the damn'd dirty Road,
And sure such Pay will make the Journey easie;
And for the Price of the dull drudging Night,
All Day I'll purchase new and fresh Delight. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SCENE II. Sir *Feeble's* House.

Enter Leticia *purſu'd by* Phillis.

Phil. Why Madam do you leave the Garden,
For this Retreat to Melancholly?
Let. Becauſe it ſuits my Fortune and my Humour.
And even thy Preſence wou'd afflict me now.
Phil. Madam, I was ſent after you, my Lady *Fulbank* has challeng'd Sir *Feeble* at Bowls, and ſtakes a Ring of fifty Pound againſt his new Chariot.
Let. Tell him I wiſh him Luck in every thing
But in his Love to me——
Go tell him I am viewing of the Garden. [*Exit* Phillis.
——Bleſt be this kind Retreat, this 'lone Occaſion
That lends a ſhort Ceſſation to my Torments. { *Enter* Belmour *at a*
And gives me leave to vent my Sighs and Tears! { *diſtance behind her.*
Bel. And doubly bleſt be all the Powers of Love, [*Weeps.*
That gives me this dear Opportunity.
Let. Where were you all ye pittying Gods of Love.
That once ſeem'd pleas'd at *Belmours* Flame and mine,
And' ſmiling joyn'd our Hearts, our ſacred Vows
And ſpread your Wings, and held your Torches high.
Bel. Oh—— [*She ſtares, pauſes.*
Let. Where were you now! When this unequal Marriage,
Gave me from all my Joys, gave me from *Belmour*:
Your Wings were flag'd, your Torches bent to Earth;
And all your little Bonets veil'd your Eyes.
You ſaw not, or were deaf and pityleſs.
Bel. Oh my *Leticia*!
Let. Hah, 'tis there again that; very Voice was *Belmours*:
Where art thou, oh thou lovely charming Shade?
For ſure thou canſt not take a Shape to fright me.
——What art thou —— ſpeak! [*Not looking behind her yet for Fear:*
Bel. Thy conſtant true Adorer.
Who all this fatal Day has haunted thee
To eaſe his tortur'd Soul. [*Approaching nearer.*
Let. My Heart is well acquainted with that Voice, { *ſpeaking with*
But oh my Eyes dare not incounter thee. { *Signs of Fear.*
Bel. Is it becauſe thou'ſt broken all thy Vows?
——Take to thee Courage and behold thy Slaughters.
Let. Yes, tho' the Sight wou'd blaſt me I won'd view it. [*Turns*
——'tis he——'tis very *Belmour*? or ſo like——

I cannot doubt but thou deserv'st this Welcome. [*Embraces him.*

Bel. Oh my *Leticia!*

Let. I'm sure I grasp not Air; thou art no Fantom.
My Arms return not empty to my Bosom,
But meet a solid Treasure.

Bel. A Treasure thou so easily threw'st away?
A Riddle simple Love ne're understood.

Let. Alas I heard, my *Belmour*, thou were dead.

Bel. And was it thus you mourn'd my Funeral?

Let. I will not justify my hated Crime.
But Oh remember I was poor and helpless,
And much reduc'd, and much impos'd upon. [*Belmour weeps.*

Bel. And Want compell'd thee to this wretched Marriage
——did it?

Let. 'Tis not a Marriage, since my *Belmour* lives:
The Consummation were Adultery.
I was thy Wife before, wo't thou deny me?

Bel. No by those Powers that heard our mutual Vows,
Those Vows that tye us faster than dull Priests.

Let. But oh my *Belmour*, thy sad Circumstances
Permit thee not to make a publick Claim.
Thou art proscribed, and dy'st if thou art seen.

Bel. Alas!

Let. Yet I wou'd wander with thee o're the World,
And share thy humblest Fortune with thy Love.

Bel. Is't possible *Leticia* thou wou'dst fly
To forreign Shores with me?

Let. Can *Belmour* doubt the Soul he knows so well?

Bel. Perhaps in time the King may find my Innocence, and may extend his Mercy:
Mean time I'le make Provision for our Flight.

Let. But how 'twixt this and that can I defend my self from the loath'd Arms of an impatient Dotard, that I may come a spotless Maid to thee?

Bel. Thy native Modesty and my Industry
Shall well enough secure us.
Feign you nice Virgin-Cautions all the Day:
Then trust at Night to my Conduct to preserve thee.
——And wilt thou yet be mine! Oh swear a-new,
Give me again thy Faith, thy Vows, thy Soul:
For mine's so sick with this Days fatal Business,
It needs a Cordial of that mighty strength;
Swear,——Swear, so as if thou break'st it——
Thou mayst be——any thing——but Damn'd *Leticia.*

Let.

Let. Thus then, and hear me Heaven! [*Kneels.*
Bel. And thus—I'le listen to thee. [*Kneels.*

Enter Sir Feeble, *L.* Fulbank, *Sir* Cautious.

Sir *Fee. Lette, Lette, Lette,* where are you little Rogue *Lette.*
—Hab—him—what's here— { Bel. *snatches her to his*
Bel. Oh Heavens, she's gone, she's gone! { *Bosom as if she fainted.*
Sir *Fee.* Gone——whither is she gone?——it seems she had the Wit to take good Company with her— { *The Women go to*
Bel. She's gone to Heaven Sir, for ought I know. { *her, take her up.*
Sir *Cau.* She was resolved to go in a young Fellows Arms I see.
Sir *Fee.* Go to, *Francis*——go to.
L. Ful. Stand back Sir, she recovers.
Bel. Alas, I found her dead upon the Floor,
—Shou'd I have left her so—if I had known your Mind.——
Sir *Fee.* Was it so—was it so—got-so, by no means *Francis.*—
Let. Pardon him Sir; For surely I had dy'd,
But for his timely coming.
Sir *Fee.* Alas poor Pupsey——was it sick——look here——here's a fine thing to make it well again. Come buss, and it shall have it——oh how I long for Night.
Ralph, are the Fidlers ready?
Ral. They are tuning in the Hall Sir.
Sir *Fee.* That's well, they know my mind. I hate that same twang, twang, twang, fum, fum, fum, tweedle, tweedle, tweedle, then scrue goe the Pins, till a man's Teeth are on Edge; then snap says a small Gut, and there we are at a loss again. I long to be in Bed——with a hey tredodle, tredodle, tredodle——with a hay tredool, tredodle, tredo—— { *Dancing and playing on his*
{ *Stick, like a Flute.*
Sir *Cau.* A prudent Man would reserve himself——Good-facks I danc'd so on my Wedding Day, that when I came to Bed, to my Shame be it spoken, I fell fast asleep, and slept till morning.
L. Ful. Where was your Wisdom then, Sir *Cautious?*
But I know what a wise Woman ought to have done.
Sir *Fee.* Odsbobs, that's Wormwood, that's Wormwood——I shall have my young Hussy set a-gog too; she'l hear there are better things in the World than she has at home, and then odsbobs, and then they'l ha't, adod they will, Sir *Cautious.* Ever while you live, keep a Wife ignorant, unless a Man be as brisk as his Neighbours.
Sir *Cau.* A wise Man will keep 'em from bawdy Christnings then, and Gossipings.
Sir *Fee.* Christnings, and Gossipings; why they are the very Schools

Schools that debauch our Wives, as Dancing-Schools do our Daughters.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, when the over-joy'd good Man invites 'em all against that time twelve Month: Oh he's a dear Man, cry's one—— I marry cry's another, here's a Man indeed——my Husband—— God help him——

Sir *Fee.* Then she falls to telling of her Grievance till (half maudlin) she weeps again: Just my Condition cry's a third, so the Frolick goes round, and we poor Cuckolds are anatomiz'd, and turn'd the right sides outwards; adsbobs we are Sir *Cautious.*

Sir *Cau.* Ay, ay, this Grievance ought to be redrest Sir *Feeble*, the grave and sober Part o th' Nation are hereby ridicul'd,—— Ay, and cuckol'd too, for ought I know.

L. *Ful.* Wise men, knowing this, should not expose their Infirmities, by marrying us young Wenches; who, without Instruction, find how we are impos'd upon.

Enter Fidles playing, Mr. Bearjest *and* Diana *dancing*; Bredwel, Noysey. *&c.*

L. *Ful.* So Cousin, I see you have found the way to Mrs. *Dy's* Heart.

Bea. Who I, my dear Lady Aunt, I never knew but one Way to a Womans Heart, and that Road I have not yet travell'd; For my Uncle, who is a wise Man, says Matrimony is a sort of a—— kind of a——as it were d'e see of a Voyage, which every Man of Fortune is bound to make one time or other—and Madam—— I am as it were——a bold Adventurer.

Dy. And are you sure, Sir, you will venture on me?

Bear. Sure?——I thank you for that——as if I could not believe my Uncle: For in this Case a young Heir has no more to do, but to come and see, settle, marry, and use you scurvily.

Dy. How Sir, scurvily?

Bear. Very scurvily, that is to say, be always fashionably drunk, despise the Tyranny of your Bed, and reign absolutely——keep a Serag[illegible] Women, and let my bastard Issue inherit: Be seen once a Quarter, or so, with you in the Park for Countenance, where we loll two several Ways in the gilt Coach like *Janus*, or a Spread-Eagle.

Dy. And do you expect I shou'd be honest the while?

Bear. Heaven forbid, not I, I have not met with that Wonder in all my Travels.

L. *Ful.* How Sir, not an honest Woman?

Bear. Except my Lady Aunt——Nay as I am a Gentleman and the first of my Family——you shall pardon me, here—— Cuff me, Cuff me soundly. [*Kneels to her.*

Ent.r

Enter Gayman *richly dreſt.*

Gay. This Love's a damn'd bewitching thing——now tho I ſhould loſe my Aſſignation with my Devil, I cannot hold from ſeeing *Julia* to Night: hah——there, and with a Fop at her Feet——Oh Vanity of Woman! [*Softly pulls her.*

L. Fulb. Oh Sir, you'r welcome from *Northamptonſhire.*

Gay. Hum——ſurely ſhe knows the Cheat. [*Aſide.*

L. Fulb. You are ſo Gay, you ſave me Sir the Labour
Of asking if your Unkle be alive.

Gay. Pray Heaven ſhe have not found my Circumſtances! [*Aſide.*
But if ſhe have, Confidence muſt aſſiſt me——
——And Madam you'r too Gay, for me to enquire
Whether you are that *Julia*, which I left you?

L. Fulb. Oh, doubtleſs Sir——

Gay. But why the Devil do I ask——Yes, you are ſtill the ſame; one of thoſe hoiting Ladies, that love nothing like Fool and Fiddle; Crowds of Fops; had rather be publickly, tho dully, flatter'd, than privately ador'd; you love to paſs for the Wit of the Company, by talking all and loud.

L. Fulb. Rail on! 'till you have made me think my Vertue at ſo low Ebb, it ſhould ſubmit to you.

Gay. What——I'm not diſcreet enough,
I'll babble all in my next high Debauch,
Boaſt of your Favors, and deſcribe your Charms
To every wiſhing Fool?

L. Fulb. Or make moſt filthy Verſes of me——
Under the name of *Cloris*——you *Philander*,
Who in lewd Rhimes confeſs the dear Appointment;
What Hour, and where, how ſilent was the Night,
How full of Love your Eyes, and Wiſhing, mine.
Faith not if you can afford me a Leaſe of your Love,
'Till the Old Gentleman my Husband depart this wicked World,
I'm for the Bargain.

Sir Can. Hum——what's here, a young Spark at my Wife?
[*Goes about 'em.*

Gay. Unreaſonable *Julia*, is that all,
My Love, my Sufferings, and my Vows muſt hope?
Set me an Age——ſay when you will be kind,
And I will languiſh out in ſtarving Wiſh.
But thus to gape for Legacies of Love,
'Till Youth be paſt Enjoyment,
The Devil I will aſſoon——farewel—— [*Offers to go.*

L. Fulb. Stay, I conjure you ſtay——

Gay. And looſe my Aſſignation with my Devil. [*Aſide.*

Sir Can. 'Tis ſo, Ay, Ay, 'tis ſo——and Wiſe men will perceive it; 'tis here——here in my Forehead, it more than Buds; it ſprouts, it flouriſhes.

Sir Feeb. So, that young Gentleman has nettl'd him, ſtung him toth' quick: I hope he'll chain her up——the Gad Bee's in his Quunundrum——in Charity I'll relieve him——come my Lady *Fulbank*, the Night grows old upon our hands, to dancing, to jiggeting——Come ſhall I lead your Ladyſhip?

L. Fulb. No Sir, you ſee I am better provided——

[*Takes* Gayman's *hand.*

Sir Can. Ay, no doubt on't, a Pox on him for a young handſom Dog. [*They dance all.*

Sir Feeb. Very well, very well, now the Poſſet, and then——ods bobs, and then——

Dia. And then we'll have t'other Dance.

Sir Feeb. Away Girls, away, and ſteal the Bride to Bed; they have a deal to do upon their Wedding-nights; and what with the tedious Ceremonies of dreſſing and undreſſing, the ſmutty Lectures of the Women, by way of Inſtruction, and the little Stratagems of the young Wenches——ods bobs, a man's couzen'd of half his Night: Come Gentlemen, one Bottle, and then——we'll toſs the Stocken. [*Exeunt all but* L. Fulb Bred. *who are talking, and* Gayman.

L. Fulb. But doſt thou think he'll come?

Bred. I do believe ſo Madam——

L. Fulb. Be ſure you contrive it ſo, he may not know whither, or to whom he comes.

Bred. I warrant you Madam for our Parts.

[*Exit* Bredwel *ſtealing out* Gayman.

L. Fulb. How now, what departing?

Gay. You are going to the Bride-Chamber.

L. Fulb. No matter, you ſhall ſtay——

Gay. I hate to have you in a Crowd.

L. Fulb. Can you deny me——will you not give me one Lone hour i'th' Garden?

Gay. Where we ſhall only tentalize each other with dull Kiſſing, and part with the ſame Appetite we met——no Madam, beſides I have Buſineſs——

L. Fulb. Some Aſſignation——is it ſo indeed?

Gay. Away; you cannot think me ſuch a Traytor; 'tis moſt important Buſineſs.

L. Fulb. Oh 'tis too late for Buſineſs——let to Morrow ſerve.

Gay. By no means——the Gentleman is to go out of Town.

L. Fulb. Riſe the earlier then——

Gay. ——But Madam, the Gentleman lies dangerouſly——

ſick

sick——— and should he die———

L. Fulb. 'Tis not a dying Uncle, I hope Sir?

Gay. Hah———

L. Fulb. The Gentleman a dying, and to go out of Town to Morrow!

Gay. Ay——a——he goes——in a Litter——'tis his Fancy Madam——Change of Air may recover him.

L. Fulb. So may your change of Mistress do me Sir——farewel. [*Goes out.*

Gay. Stay Julia——Devil be damn'd——for you shall tempt no more, I'll love and be undone——but she is gone——

And if I stay the most that I shall gain
Is but a reconciling Look, or Kiss.
No my kind Goblin———

I'll keep my Word with thee, as the least Evil,
A tantalizing Woman's worse than Devil.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I. *Sir* Feeble's *House.*

The Second Song before the Entry.

A SONG made by Mr. *Cheek.*

NO more Lucinda, *ah! expose no more*
To the admiring World those conqu'ring Charms:
In vain all day unhappy men adore,
What the kind Night gives to my longing Arms.
Their vain Attempts can ne'r successful prove,
Whilst I so well maintain the Fort of Love.

Yet to the World with so bewitching Arts,
Your dazling Beauty you around display,
And triumph in the Spoyls of broken hearts,
That sink beneath your feet, and crowd your way:
Ah! suffer now your Cruelty to cease,
And to a fruitless War prefers a Peace.

Enter Ralph *with Light*, *Sir* Feeble, *and* Belmour *laid*.

Sir *Feeb.* SO, ſo; the'r gone ——Come *Francis*, you ſhall have the Honour of Undreſſing me for the Encounter, but 'twill be a Sweet one, *Francis*.

Bel. Hell take him, how he tezes me? [*Undreſſing all the while.*

Sir Feeb. But is the young Rogue laid *Francis*——is ſhe ſtoln to Bed? What Tricks the young Baggages have to whet a man's Appetite?

Bel. Ay Sir——Pox on him——he will raiſe my Anger up to Madneſs, and I ſhall kill him, to prevent his going to Bed to her.

Sir Feeb. A piſe of thoſe Bandſtrings——the more Haſt the leſs Speed.

Bel. Be it ſo in all things, I beſeech thee *Venus?*

Sir Feeb. Thy Aid a little *Francis*——oh——oh——thou choakſt me. 'Sbobs, what doſt mean——[*Pinches him by the Throat.*

Bel You had ſo hamper'd 'em Sir——the Devil's very miſchievous in me. [*Aſide.*

Sir Feeb. Come, come quick, good *Francis*, adod I'm as yare as a Hawk at the young Wanton——nimbly good *Francis*, untruſs, untruſs——

Bel. Cramps ſeize ye——what ſhall I do——the near Approach diſtracts me!

Sir Feeb. So, ſo, my Breeches, good *Francis*. But well *Francis*, how doſt think I got the young Jade my Wife?

Bel. With five hundred pounds a year Joynture Sir.

Sir Feeb. No, that wou'd not do, the Baggage was damnably in love with a young Fellow, they call *Belmour*, a handſom young Raſcal he was they ſay, that's truth on't, and a pretty Eſtate, but hapning to kill a Man, he was forc'd to flye.

Bel. That was great pity Sir.

Sir Feeb. Pity, hang him Rogue, 'sbobs, and all the young Fellows in the Town deſerve it; we can never keep our Wives and Daughters honeſt for rampant young Dogs; and an old Fellow cannot put in amongſt 'em, under being undone, with Preſenting, and the Devil and all. But what doſt think I did, being damnably in Love——I feign'd a Letter as from the *Hague*, wherein was a Relation of this ſame *Belmour*'s being hang'd.

Bel. Is't poſſible Sir, cou'd you deviſe ſuch News?

Sir Feeb. Poſſible man? I did it, I did it; ſhe ſwounded at the News,

News, shut her self up a whole Month in her Chamber; but I presented high; she sight and wept, and swore she'd never marry. Still I presented, she hated, loathed, spit upon me, still adod I presented! till I presented my self effectually in Church to her; for she at last wisely considered her Vows were cancell'd since *Belmour* was hang'd.

Bel. Faith Sir, this was very cruel to take away his Fame, and then his Mistress.

Sir Feeb. Cruel, thou'rt an Ass, we are but even with the brisk Rogues, for they take away our Fame, Cuckold us, and take away our Wives.——So, so, my Cap *Francis*.

Bel. And do you think this Marriage lawful Sir?

Sir Feeb. Lawful; it shall be when I've had Livery and Seisin of her Body —— and that shall be presently Rogue —— quick —— besides this, *Belmour* dares as well be hang'd as come into *England*.

Bel. If he gets his Pardon Sir——

Sir Feeb. Pardon, no, no, I have took care for that, for I have you must know got his Pardon already.

Bel. How Sir, got his Pardon, that's some amends for robbing him of his Wife.

Sir Feeb. Hold honest *Francis*; what dost think 'twas in Kindness to him? no you Fool, I got his Pardon my self, that no body else should have it, so that if he gets any Body to speak to his Majesty for it, his Majesty cry's he has granted it; but for want of my Appearance, he's defunct, trust up, hang'd *Francis*.

Bel. This is the most excellent Revenge I ever heard of.

Sir Feeb. Ay, I learnt it of a great Politician of our Times.

Bel. But have you got his Pardon? ——

Sir Feeb. I've don't, I've don't; Pox on him, it cost me five hundred pounds tho! here 'tis, my Solicitor brought it me this Evening. —— *Gives it him.*

Bel. This was a lucky Hit —— and if it scape me, let me be hang'd by a Trick indeed.

Sir Feeb. So, put it into my Cabinet —— safe *Francis*, safe.

Bel. Safe I'll warrant you Sir.

Sir Feeb. My Gown, quick, quick —— t'other Sleeve, man —— so now my Night-Cap; well I'll in, throw open my Gown to fright away the Women, and jump into her Arms! —— [*Exit Sir* Feeble.

Bel. He's gone, quickly. Oh Love inspire me!

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my Master Sir *Gamion Fulbank* left his Watch on the little

little Parlor-Table to Night, and bid me call for't.

Bel. Hah——be the Bridegroom has it Sir, who is just gone to Bed, it shall be sent him in the Morning.

Boor. 'Tis very well Sir——your Servant. [*Exit Footman.*

Bel. Let me see——here is the Watch, I took it up to keep for him——but his sending has inspir'd me with a hidden Stratagem, that will do better than Force, to secure the poor trembling *Leticia*——who I am sure is dying with her Fears. [*Exit Belmour.*

SCENE *changes, to the Bedchamber*; Leticia *in an Undressing, by the Women at the Table.*

Enter to them Sir Feeble Fainwou'd.

Sir Feeb. WHat's here? what's here? the prating Women still. Ods bobs, what not in Bed yet? for shame of Love *Leticia*——

Let. For shame of Modesty Sir; you wou'd not have me go to Bed before all this Company.

Sir Feeb. What the Women, why they must see you laid, 'tis the Fashion.

Let. What with a Man? I wou'd not for the World. Oh *Belmour*, where art thou, with all thy promis'd Aid?

Dy. Nay Madam, we shou'd see you laid indeed.

Lets. First in my Grave *Diana*.

Sir Feeb. Ods bobs, here's a Compast amongst the Women——High Treason against the Bridegroom——therefore Ladies withdraw or aded I'll lock you all in.

[*Throws open his Gown, they run all away, he locks the Door.*

So, so, now we're alone *Leticia*——off with this foolish Modesty, and Night-Gown, and slide into my Arms. [*She runs from him.*

H'e' my little Puskin——what fly me my Coy *Daphne*, [*He pursues her.* [*Knocking.*

Hah——who's that knocks——who's there?

Bel. 'Tis I Sir, 'tis I, open the Door presently.

Sir Feeb. Why, what's the matter, is the House on fire?

Bel. Worse Sir, worse—— [*He opens the Door,* Belmour *enters with the Watch in his hand.*

Let. 'Tis *Belmour*'s Voyce!

Bel. Oh Sir, do you know this Watch?

Sir

Sir Feeb. This Watch——where are you——

Bel. Why Sir, this Watch——

Sir Feeb. This Watch——why prethee, why dost tell me of a Watch, 'tis Sir *Cautious Fulbank*'s Watch, what then, what a Pox dost trouble me with Watches. [*Offers to put him out, he returns.*

Bel. 'Tis indeed his Watch Sir, and by this Token he has sent for you, to come immediately to his House Sir.

Sir Feeb. What a Devil's in Mad *Francis*, or is his Worship Mad, or does he think me Mad——go prethee tell him I'll come to him to Morrow. [*Goes to put him out.*

Bel. To Morrow Sir, why all our Throats may be cut before to Morrow.

Sir Feeb. What sayst thou, Throats cut?

Bel. Why, the City's up in Arms Sir, and all the Aldermen are met at *Guild-Hall*; some damnable Plot Sir.

Sir Feeb. Hah——Plot——the Aldermen met at *Guild-Hall*?——hum——why let 'em meet, I'll not lose this Night to save the Nation.

Let. Would you to bed Sir, when the weighty Affairs of State require your Presence?

Sir Feeb. Hum——met at *Guild-hall*?——my Cloaths, my Gown again *Francis*, I'll out——out, what upon my Wedding night? no——I'll in. [*Putting on his Gown pausing, pulls it off again.*

Let. For shame Sir, shall the Reverend Council of the City debate without you?

Sir Feeb. Ay, that's true, that's true, come truss again *Francis*, truss again——yet now I think on't *Francis*, prethee run thee to the Hall, and tell 'em 'tis my Wedding-Night, d'ye see *Francis*; and let some body give my Voice for——

Bel. What Sir?

Sir Feeb. Adod I cannot tell; up in Arms say you, why, let 'em fight Dog, fight Bear; mum, I'll to Bed——go——

Let. And shall his Majesty's Service and his Safety lie unregarded for a slight Woman Sir?

Sir Feeb. Hum, his Majesty's——come, hast *Francis*, I'll away, and call *Ralph*, and the Footmen, and bid 'em Arm; each man shoulder his Musket, and advance his Pike——and bring my Artillery Implements quick——and let's away: Pupsey——b'u'y Pupsey, I'll bring it a fine thing yet before Morning, it may be——let's away; I shall grow fond, and forget the Business of the Nation——come follow me *Francis*.

[*Exit Sir* Feeble; Belmour *runs to* Leticia.

Bel. Now my *Leticia*, if thou'rt dost love!
If ever thou design'st to make me blest——
Without delay fly this Adulterous Bed!

Sir

Sir Feeb. Why *Francis*---where are you Knave? [*Sir Feeb. within.*

Bel. I must be gone, lest he suspect us---I'll loose him, and return to thee immediately---get thy self ready---

Let. I will not fail my Love. [*Exit Belmour.*

---Old man forgive me---thou the Aggressor art,
Who rudely forc'd the Hand without the Heart:
She cannot from the Paths of Honour rove,
Whose Guide's Religion, and whose End is Love. [Exit.

Scene *changes to a Wash-House, or out-House.*

Enter with Dark-lanthorn Bredwel *disguis'd like a Devil, leading* Gayman.

Bred. Stay here, till I give notice of your coming.
[*Exit* Bredwel, *leaves his Dark-lanthorn.*

Gay. Kind Light, a little of your Aid---now must I be peeping tho my Curiosity should lose me all---hah---Zouns, what's here---a Hovel or a Hog-sty? hum, see the Wickedness of Man, that I should find no time to Swear in, but just when I'm in the Devils Clutches.

Enter Pert, *as an old Woman with a Staff.*

Old Woman. Good Even to you, fair Sir.

Gay. Ha---defend me! if this be she, I must rival the Devil, that's certain.

Old W. Come young Gentleman, dare not you venture?

Gay. He must be as hot as *Vesuvius*, that do's---I shall never earn my Morning's Present.

Old W. What do you fear, a longing Woman Sir?

Gay. The Devil I do---this is a damn'd Preparation to Love.

Old W. Why stand you gazing Sir, a Womans Passion is like the Tide, it stays for no man when the Hour is come---

Gay. I'm sorry I have took it at the Turning.
I'm sure mine's ebbing out as fast.

Old W. Will you not speak Sir---will you not on?

Gay. I wou'd fain ask---a civil Question or two first.

Old W. You know, too much Curiosity lost Paradice.

Gay. Why there's it now.

Old W. Fortune and Love invite you if you dare follow me.

Gay. This is the first thing in Peticoats that ever dar'd me in vain. Were I but sure she were but Humane now---for sundry

Considerations

Considerations she might down——but I will on——

[*She goes, he follows; both go out.*

SCENE. *A Chamber in the Apartment of* L. Fulbank.

Enter Old Women follow'd by Gayman *in the dark.*

[*Soft Musick plays, she leaves him.*

——Hah, Musick——and Excellent!

SONG.

OH! Love, that stronger art than Wine,
Pleasing Delusion, Witchery divine,
Want to be priz'd above all Wealth,
Disease that has more Joys than Health.
Tho we blaspheme thee in our Pain,
And of thy Tyranny complain,
We all are better'd by thy Reign.

What Reason never can bestow
We to this useful Passion owe.
Love wakes the Dull from sluggish Ease,
And learns a Clown the Art to please.
Humbles the Vain, kindles the Cold,
Makes Misers free, and Cowards bold.
'Tis he reforms the Sot from Drink,
And teaches airy Fops to think.

When full brute Appetite is fed,
And choak'd the Glutton lyes, and dead:
Thou new Spirits does dispence,
And fines the gross Delights of Sense.
Vertues unconquerable Aid,
That against Nature can perswade:
And makes a roveing Mind retire
Within the Bounds of just Desire.
Chearer of Age, Youths kind unrest,
And half the Heaven of the Blest.

Ah *Julia*, *Julia*! if this soft Preparation
Were but to bring me to thy dear Embraces;
What different Motions wou'd surround my Soul,
From what perplex it now.

Enter

Enter Nymphs and Shepherds, and dance.

[*Then two dance alone. All go out but* Pert *and a Shepherd.*

If these be Birds, they are obliging ones.
I did not care if I ventur'd on that last Female Fiend.

Man sings.

Cease your Wonder, cease your Guess,
Whence arrives your Happiness.
Cease your Wonder, cease your Pain.
Humane Fancy is in vain.
Chorus. *'Tis enough you once shall find,*
Fortune may to Worth be kind; [gives him Gold.
And Love can leave off being blind.

Pert *sings.*

You, before you enter here,
On this sacred Ring must swear. { *Puts it on his Fin-*
By the Figure which it round, { *ger holds his Hand.*
Your Passion constant and profound.
By the Adamantine Stone,
To be fixt to one alone.
By the Lustre which is true,
Ne'er to break your sacred Vow.
Lastly by the Gold that's wy'd
For Love all Dangers to abide.

They all dance about him, while those same two sing.

Man. *Once about him let us move,*
To confirm him true to Love. [bis.
Pert. *Twice with mystick turning Feet,*
Make him silent and discreet. [bis
Man. *Thrice about him let us tread,*
To keep him ever young in Bed. [bis.

Gives him another part.

Man. *Forget* Aminta's *proud Disdain,*
Taste here, and sigh no more in vain.
The Joy of Love without the Pain.

Pert.

Pert. *That God repents his former Slights,*
And Fortune thus your Faith requires.

Both. *Forget Aminta's proud Disdain,*
Then tast, and sigh no more in vain,
The Joy of Love without the Pain.
The Joy of Love without the Pain.
[*Exeunt* all Dancers. Looks on himself and feels about him.

Gay. What the Devil can all this mean? If there be a Woman in the Case——Sure I have not liv'd so bad a Life, to gain the dull Reputation of so modest a Coxcomb, but that a Female might down with me, without all this Ceremony. Is it care of her Honour?——that cannot be——this Age afford none so nice: nor Fiend, nor Goddess can she be, for these I saw were mortal! No——'tis a Woman——I am positive. Not young nor handsome, for then Vanity had made her Glory to 'ave been seen. No——since 'tis resolved a Woman——she must be old and ugly, and will not bauk my Fancy with her Sight. But baits me more with this essential Beauty.

Well——be she young or old, Woman or Devil.
She pays, and I'll endeavour to be civil.

SCENE *in the same House.*

The flat Scene of the Hall. After a knocking, Enter Bredwel *in his masking Habit, with his Vizard in one Hand and a Light in t'other in haste.*

Bred. HAh, knocking so late at at our Gate—— (*Opens the Door. Enter Sir* Feeble *drest and arm'd Cap-a-pee with a broad wast Belt stuck round with Pistols, a Helmet, Scarfe, Buffcoat and half Pike.*

Sir Feeb. How now, how now, what's the matter here?

Bred. Matter, what is my Lady's innocent Intrigue found out?——Heav'n's Sir what makes you here in this warlike Equipage?

Sir *Feeb.* What makes you in this showing Equipage Sir?

Bred. I have been dancing among some of my Friends.

Sir *Feeb.* And I thought to have been fighting with some of my Friends. Where's Sir *Cautious*? where's Sir *Cautious*?

Bred. Sir *Cautious*——Sir, in Bed,

Sir *Feeb.* Call him, call him——quickly good *Edward*.

Bred. Sure my Lady's Frollick is betray'd and he comes to make Miſchief. However I'll go and ſecure Mr. *Gayman*. [*Exit Bredwel.*

Enter Sir Cautious *and Boy with Light.*

Dick, Pray Sir go to Bed, here's no Thieves; all's ſtill and well.

Sir *Cau.* This laſt Nights Misfortune of mine *Dick*, has kept me waking and methought all Night I heard a kind of a ſilent Noiſe. I am ſtill afraid of Thieves, mercy upon me to looſe five hundred Ginneys at one clap *Dick*. —Hah —bleſs me! What's yonder! Blow the great Horn *Dick*. —Thieves—Murder, Murder.

Sir *Feeb.* Why what a Pox are you mad? 'Tis I, 'tis I Man.

Sir *Cau.* I, who am I? Speak—declare—pronounce.

Sir *Feeb.* Your Friend old *Feeble Fainwood*.

Sir *Cau.* How, Sir *Feeble*! At this late Hour, and on his Wedding Night—why what's the matter Sir—is it Peace or War with you?

Sir *Feeb.* A Miſtake—a Miſtake—proceed to the Buſineſs good Brother, for time you know is precious.

Sir *Cau.* Some ſtrange Cataſtrophe has happened between him and his Wife to Night, that makes him diſturb me thus—[*Aſide*—come ſit good Brother, and to the Buſineſs as you ſay—

They ſit one at one end of the Table, the other at the other, Dick *ſets down the Light and goes out—both ſit gaping and ſtaring and expecting when either ſhou'd ſpeak.*

Sir *Feeb.* As ſoon as you pleaſe Sir. Lord how wildly he ſtares! He's much diſturb'd in's Mind—well Sir let us be brief—

Sir *Cau.* As brief as you pleaſe Sir,—well Brother—

[*pauſing ſtill.*

Sir *Feeb.* So Sir.

Sir *Cau.* How ſtrangely he ſtares and gapes—ſome deep Concern!

Sir *Feeb.* Hum—hum—

Sir *Cau.* I liſten to you, advance—

Sir *Feeb.* Sir?

Sir *Cau.* A very diſtracted Countenance—pray Heaven he be not mad, and a young Wife is able to make any old Fellow mad, that's the Truth on't. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Feeb.* Sure 'tis ſomething of his Lady—he's ſo loath to bring it out—I am ſorry you are thus diſturb'd Sir.

Sir *Cau.* No diſturbance to ſerve a Friend—

Sir *Feeb.* I think I am your Friend indeed Sir *Cautious*, or I wou'd not have been here upon my Wedding Night.

Sir *Cau.* His Wedding Night—there lies his Grief, poor Heart! Perhaps ſhe has cuckolded him already— [*Aſide.*

Well

——Well come Brother——many such things are done——

Sir *Feeb.* Done——hum——come out with it Brother——what troubles you to Night.

Sir *Can.* Troubles me——why knows he I am rob'd? [*Aside.*

Sir *Feeb.* I may perhaps restore you to the Rest you've lost.

Sir *Can.* The Rest, why have I lost more since? Why know you then who did it? Oh how I'll be revenged upon the Ratcal?

Sir *Feeb.* 'Tis——Jealousie, the old Worm that bites—— [*Aside.* Who is it you suspect?

Sir *Can.* Alas I know not whom to suspect, I wou'd I did; but if you cou'd discover him——I wou'd so fwinge him.——

Sir *Feeb.* I know him——what do you take me for a Pimp Sir? I know him——there's your Watch again Sir, I'm your Friend, but no Pimp Sir—— [*Rises in Rage.*

Sir *Can.* My Watch, I thank you Sir——but why Pimp Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* Oh a very thriving Calling Sir——and I have a young Wife to practice with——I know your Rogues?

Sir *Can.* A young Wife——'tis so, his Gentlewoman has been at Hot-Cockles without her Husband, and he's Horn mad upon't. I suspected her being so close in with his Nephew——in a Fit with a Pox—— [*Aside.* Come come Sir *Feeble* 'tis many an honest Mans Fortune.

Sir *Feeb.* I grant it Sir——but to the Business Sir I came for.

Sir *Can.* With all my Soul—— [*They sit gaping and expecting when either shou'd speak. Enter* Bredwel *and* Gayman *at the Door.* Bredwel *sees them and puts* Gayman *back again.*

Bred. Hah——Sir *Feeble*——and Sir *Cautious* there——what shall I do? For this Way we must pass, and to carry him back wou'd discover my Lady to him, betray all and spoil the Jest——retire Sir, your Life depends upon your being unseen. [*Go out.*

Sir *Feeb.* Well Sir,——do you not know that I am married Sir? And this my Wedding Night?

Sir *Can.* Very good Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* And that I long to be in Bed!

Sir *Can.* Very well Sir——

Sir *Feeb.* Very good Sir, and very well Sir——way then what the Devil do I make here Sir! [*Rises in a Rage.*

Sir *Can.* Patience Brother——and forward——

Sir *Feeb.* Forward——lend me your Hand good Brother——lets feel your Pulse——how has this Night gone with you?

Sir *Can.* Ha, ha, ha——this is the oddest Quonundrum——sure he's mad——and yet now I think on't, I have not slept to Night, nor shall I ever sleep again till I have found the Villain that rob'd me. [*Weeps.*

Sir *Feeb.* So——now he weeps——far gone——this laughing and

and weeping is a very sad Sight? Come let me lead you to your Bed.

Sir *Can.* Mad——stark Mad——no——now I'm up 'tis no Matter——pray ease your troubled Mind——I am your Friend——out with it——what was it acted? Or but design'd?

Sir *Feeb.* How Sir?

Sir *Can.* Be not asham'd——I'm under the same Predicament——I doubt, little better than a——but let that pass——

Sir *Feeb.* Have you any Proof?

Sir *Can.* Proof of what, good Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* Of what, why that you're a Cuckold——Sir a Cuckold it you'll ha't.

Sir *Can.* Cuckold Sir——do ye know what ye say?——

Sir *Feeb.* What I say?

Sir *Can.* I, what you say, can you make this out?

Sir *Feeb.* I make it out——

Sir *Can.* Ay Sir——If you say it and cannot make it out——you're a——

Sir *Feeb.* What am I Sir? What am I?

Sir *Can.* A Cuckold as well as my self Sir, and I'll sue you for *Scandalum Magnatum*, I shall recover swinging Damages with a City Jury.

Sir *Feeb.* I know of no such thing Sir.

Sir *Can.* No Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* No Sir.

Sir *Can.* Then what wou'd you be at Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* I be at Sir——what wou'd you be at Sir?

Sir *Can.* Ha, ha, ha——why this is the strangest thing——to see an old Fellow, a Magistrate of the City, the first Night he's marryed forsake his Bride and Bed, and come arm'd Cap-a-pee, like *Gargantua*, to dist urb another old Fellow and banter him with a Tale of a Tub; and all to be-cuckold him here——in plain English what's your Business?

Sir *Feeb.* Why what the Devils your Business and you go to that?

Sir *Can.* My Business with whom?

Sir *Feeb.* With me Sir, with me, what a Pox de ye think I do here.

Sir *Can.* 'Tis that I wou'd be glad to know Sir.

Enter Dick.

Sir *Feeb.* Here Dick, remember I've brought back your Masters Watch, next time he sends for me o'er Night I'll come to him in the Morning.

Sir *Can.* Ha, ha, ha——I send for you? Go home and sleep

Sir

Sir——ad and you keep your Wife waking to so little purpose you'll go near to be haunted with a Vision of Horns.

Sir *Feeb.* Roguery——Knavery to keep me from my Wife——Look ye this was the Message I received——[*Tells him feewingly.*

Enter Bredwell *to the Door*——*in a white Shoe like a Ghost speaking to* Gayman *who stands within.*

Bred. Now Sir we are two to two, for this Way you must pass or be taken in the Ladys Lodgings——I'll first adventure out to make you pass the safer. And that he may not, if possible, see Sir *Cautious*, whom I shall fright into a Trance I am sure.——[*Aside.*

And Sir *Feeble* the Devil's in t if he know him.

Gay. A brave kind Fellow this——

Enter Bredwell *stalking on as a Ghost by them.*

Sir *Cau.* Oh——undone——undone——help help——I'm dead, I'm dead——

[*Falls down on his Face, Sir* Feeble *stares*——*and stands still.*

Bred. As I could wish——[*Aside*——*turns.*

——Come on thou gastly thing and follow me——

Enter Gayman *like a Ghost with a Torch*——

Sir *Cau.* Oh Lord, oh Lord——

Gay. Hah——old Sir *Feeble Fainwood*——why where the Devil am I?——'Tis he——and be it where it will I'll fright the old Dotard for couzening my Friend of his Mistress——

[*stalks on*——

Sir *Feeb.* Oh guard me——guard me——all ye Pow'rs!——[*Trembling.*

Gay. Thou call'st in vain fond Wretch——for I am *Belmour*,

Whom first thou robst of Fame and Life,
And then what dearer was——*his Wife*——

[*Goes out shaking his Torch at him.*

Sir *Cau.* Oh Lord——oh Lord!

Enter Lady Fulbank *in an Undress, and* Pert *undrest.*

L. *Fulb.* Heav'ns what Noise is this?——So he's got safe out I see——hah what thing art thou——[*Sees Sir* Feeble *arm'd.*

Sir *Feeb.* Stay Madam stay——'tis I, 'tis I a poor trembling Mortal——

L. *Fulb.* Sir *Feeble Fainwood*?——rise——are you both mad?——

Sir *Cau.* No no——Madam we have seen the Devil.

Sir

Sir *Feeb.* And he was as tall as the Monument——

Sir *Can.* With Eyes like a Beacon——and a Mouth as wide as *London Bridge* at a full Tide.——

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, and roar'd as loud——

L. *Fulb.* Idle Fancys, what makes you from your Bed? And you Sir from your Bride?——

[*Exit Dick with Sack.*

Sir *Feeb.* Oh! that's the Business of another Day, a Mistake only Madam.

L. *Fulb.* Away, I'm asham'd to see wise Men so weak, the Fantoms of the Night, or your own Shadows, the Whimseys of the Brain for want of Rest, or perhaps *Bredwell* your Man who being wiser than his Master play'd you this Trick to fright you both to Bed.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——adod and that may be, for the young Knave when he let me in to Night, was dress't up for some Waggery——

Sir *Can.* Ha, ha, ha, 'twas even so sure enough Brother——

Sir *Feeb.* Ads bobs but they frighted me at first basely——but I'll hound to Pursey, there may be Roguery, as well as here——Madam I ask your Pardon, I see we're all mistaken.

L. *Fulb.* Ay, Sir *Feeble*, go home to your Wife.

[*Exit severally.*

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Belmour *at the Door, knocks, and enter to him from the House* Phillis.

Phil. O H are you come Sir, I'll call my Lady down.

Bel. Oh haste, the Minutes fly——leave all behind. And bring *Letitia* only to my Arms.

[*A Noise of People.*

——Hah——what Noise is that? 'Tis coming this Way——I tremble with my Fears——hah——Death and the Devil——'Tis he——

Enter Sir Feeble *and his Men arm'd, goes to the Door, knocks.*

Ay 'tis he——and I'm undone——what shall I do to kill him now? besides the Sin wou'd put me past all Hopes of pardoning.

Sir *Feeb.* A damn'd Rogue to deceive me thus——

Bel. Hah——see, by Heaven *Letitia!* Oh we are ruin'd!

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——what's here two Women?——

[*stands a little off.*

Enter

Enter Leticia *and* Phillis *disguis'd with a Box.*

Bell. Where are you my best Wishes? Lord of my Vows——and Charmer of my Soul? Where are you?——

Bell. Oh Heavens! [*Draws his Sword half Way.*

Sir *Feeb.* Hum, who's here? My Gentlewoman——she's monstrous kind of the sudden. But whom is't intended to? [*Aside.*

Let. Give me your Hand my Love, my Life, my all.——

——Alas! where are you?——

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——no, no, this is not to me——I am jilted, couzen'd, Cuckol'd, and so forth—— [*Groping she takes hold of Sir* Feeb.

Let. Oh are you here, indeed you frighted me with your Silence—here take these Jewels and let us haste away.

Sir *Feeb.* Hum——are you there about's Mistress, was I sent away with a Sham-Plot for this!——She can not mean it to me.

Let. Will you not speak—will you not answer me?—do you repent already?—before Injoyment are you cold and false?

Sir *Feeb.* Hum—before Injoyment—that must be me? Before Injoyment—Ay ay 'tis I——I see a little—— [*merrily.*

Prolonging a Womans Joy, sets an Edge upon her Appetite.

Let. What means my Dear? Shall we not haste away?

Sir *Feeb.* Haste away? there 'tis again——no—'tis not me she means what at your Tricks and Intrigues already——yes yes I am destin'd a Cuckold——

Let. Say, am I not your Wife; can you deny me?

Sir *Fee.* Wife! adod 'tis I she means——'tis I she means—[*Merrily.*

Let. Oh, *Belmour*, *Belmour*! [*Sir Fee. starts back from her Hands.*

Sir *Fee.* Hum——what's that——*Belmour*?——

Let. Hah! Sir *Feeble*!——he would not, Sir, have us'd me thus unkindly.

Sir *Fee.* Oh——I'm glad 'tis no worse——*Belmour* quoth a; I thought the Ghost was come again.

Phill. Why did you not speak, Sir, all this while?——my Lady weeps with your Unkindness.

Sir *Fee.* I did but hold my peace to hear how prettily she prattled Love: But fags you are nought to think of a young Fellow——adsbobs you are now.

Let. I only said——he would not have been so unkind to me.

Sir *Fee.* But what makes ye out at this Hour, and with these Jewels?——

Phill. Alas Sir, we thought the City was in Arms, and pack't up our things to secure 'em, if there had been a Necessity for Flight. For had they come to Plundring once, they would have begun with the rich Aldermen's Wives, you know Sir.

Sir *Fee.* Adsbobs and so they would——but there was no

Arms——not Mutiny——where's *Francis?*

Bel. Here Sir.

Sir *Fee.* Here Sir——why what a Story you made of a Meeting in the Hall and——Arms and——a——the Divel of any thing was stirring, but a couple of old Fools, that sat gaping and waiting for one anothers Business——

Bel. Such a Message was brought me Sir.

Sir *Fee.* Brought, thou'rt an Ass *Francis*——but no more——come, come, lets to Bed.——

Let. To Bed Sir? what by Day-light——for that's hasting on——I would not for the World——the Night would hide my Blushes——but the Day——would let me see my self in your Embraces.

Sir *Fee.* Embraces, in a Fidlestick, why are we not marry'd?

Let. 'Tis true Sir, and Time will make me more familiar with you, but yet my virgin Modesty forbids it. I'le to *Diana*'s Chamber, the Night will come again.

Sir *Fee.* For once you shall prevail, and this Damn'd Jant has pretty well mortified me: ——a Pox of your Mutiny *Francis*——Come I'le conduct thee to *Diana*, and lock thee in, that I may have thee safe Rogue.

Wou'd give young Wenches leave to shine and thrive,
And fly those Blessings which——ads bobs they wish.

The End of the third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Sir Fee-ble's House.*

Enter Lady Fulbank, Gayman *sad, gently pulling her back by the Hand; and* Ralph *meets 'em.*

L. *Fulb.* HOw now *Ralph*——Let your Lady know I am come to wait on her. [*Exit* Ralph.

Gay. Oh why this needless Visit——

Your Husbands safe, at least till Evening safe.

Why will you not go back?

And give me one soft Hour, though to torment me.

L. *Fulb.* You are at Leisure now I thank you Sir,

Last Night when I with all Loves Rhetorick pleaded,

And

And Heaven knows what last Night might have produc'd,
You were ingag'd I False Man, I do believe it,
And I am satisfi'd you love me not. [*Walks away in scorn.*

Gay. Not love you!
Why do I waste my Youth in vain Pursuit,
Neglecting Interest, and despising Power!
Unheeding, and despising other Beauties.
Why at your Feet is all my Fortune laid,
And why does all my Fate depend on you?

L. Fulb. I'll not consider why you play the Fool,
Present me Rings and Bracelets; Why pursue me;
Why watch whole Nights before my *senceless* Door,
And take such Pains to show your self a Coxcomb——

Gay. Oh! why all this?
By all the Powers above! by this dear Hand,
And by this Ring, which on this Hand I place,
On which I've sworn Fidelity to Love;
I never had a Wish or soft Desire ——
To any other Woman,
Since *Julia* sway'd the Empire of my Soul!

L. Fulb. Hah, my own Ring I gave him last Night. [*Aside.*
——Your Jewel Sir, is rich,
Why do you part with things of so much value
So easily, and so frequently?

Gay. To strengthen the weak Arguments of Love.

L. Fulb. And leave your self undone?

Gay. Impossible, if I am blest with *Julia*.

L. Fulb. Love's a thin Dyet, nor will keep out Cold,
You cannot satisfie your Dunning Taylor,
To try —— I am in love!
Tho possible you may your Seamstress.

Gay. Does ought about me speak such Poverty?

L. Fulb. I am sorry that it does not, since to maintain this Gallantry, 'tis said you use base means, below a Gentleman.

Gay. Who dares but to imagine it's a Rascal, a Slave, below a Beating—— what means my *Julia*?

L. Fulb. No more dissembling, I know your Land is gone ——
I know each Circumstance of all your wants, therefore ——
e'er you hope that I should love you ever, tell me —— where 'twas you got this Jewel Sir.

Gay. Hah——I hope 'tis no stol'n Goods; [*Aside.*
Why on the sudden all this nice Examining?

L. Fulb. You trifle with me, and I'll plead no more.

Gay. Stay —— why —— I bought it Madam ——

L. Fulb. Where had you Money Sir? you see I am no Stranger to your Poverty.

Gay. This is strange——perhaps it is a Secret.

L. Fulb. So is my love, which shall be kept from you. [*Offers to go.*

Gay. Stay *Julia*——your Will shall be obey'd! [*Sighing.*
Though I had rather die, than be obedient,
Because I know you'll hate me, when 'tis told.

L. Fulb. By all my Vows, let it be what it will,
It ne'er shall alter me from loving you.

Gay. I have——of late——been tempted——
With Presents, Jewels, and large Sums of Gold.

L. Fulb. Tempted! by whom?

Gay. The Devil, for ought I know.

L. Fulb. Defend me Heaven! the Divel!
I hope you have not made a Contract with him?

Gay. No, tho in the shape of Woman it appear'd.

L. Fulb. Where met you with it?

Gay. By Magick Art I was conducted——I know not how,
To an inchanted Palace in the Clouds,
Where I was so attended——
Young Dancing——singing Fiends innumerable!

L. Fulb. Imagination all.

Gay. But for the Amorous Devil, the old *Proserpine.*

L. Fulb. Ay she——what said she?——

Gay. Not a Word! Heaven be prais'd, she was a silent Devil——but she was laid in a Pavillion, all form'd of gilded Clouds, which hung by Geometry, whither I was convey'd, after much Ceremony, and laid in Bed with her; where much ado, and trembling with my Fears——I forc'd my Arms about her.

L. Fulb. And sure that undeceiv'd him—— [*Aside.*

Gay. But such a Carcase 'twas——deliver me——so rivell'd, lean, and rough——a Canvass Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-fellow.

L. Fulb. Now tho I know that nothing is more distant than I from such a Monster——yet this angers me.
Death cou'd you love me and submit to this?

Gay. 'Twas that first drew me in——
The tempting Hope of means to conquer you,
Wou'd put me upon any dangerous Enterprize;
Were I the Lord of all the Universe,
I am so lost in Love,
For one dear Night to clasp you in my Arms,
I'd lavish all that World——then die with Joy.

L. Fulb. 'S'life after all to seem deform'd, old, ugly——
[*Walking in a fret.*

Gay. I knew you would be angry when you heard it.
[*He pursues her in a submissive posture.*

Enter

Enter Sir Cautious, Bearjeſt, Noyſey *and* Bredwel.

Sir Cau. ——How, what's here——my Lady with the Spark that courted her laſt Night——hum——with her again ſo ſoon —— well this Impudence and Importunity undoes more City Wives than all their unmerciful Finery.

Gay. But Madam——

L. Fulb. Oh here's my Husband——you'd beſt tell him your Story——what makes him here ſo ſoon—— [*Angry.*

Sir Cau. Me his Story——I hope he will not tell me he's a mind to Cuckold me!

Gay. A Devil on him, what ſhall I ſay to him?

L. Fulb. What——ſo Excellent at Intrigues, and ſo Dull at an Excuſe? [*Aſide.*

Gay. Yes Madam, I ſhall tell him——

Enter Belmour.

L. Fulb. ——Is my Lady at leiſure for a Viſit Sir?

Bel. Always to receive your Ladyſhip. [*She goes out.*

Sir Cau. With me Sir, wou'd you ſpeak?

Gay. With you Sir, if your Name be *Fulbank?*

Sir Cau. Plain *Fulbank*, me thinks you might have had a Sir-reverence under youn Girdle Sir, I am Honour'd with another Title Sir—— [*Goes talking to the reſt.*

Gay. With many Sir, that very well become you——

[*Pulls him a little aſide.*

I've ſomething to deliver to your Ear.

Sir Cau. So; I'll be hang'd if he do not tell me, I'm a Cuckold now. I ſee it in his Eyes; my Ear Sir, I'd have you to know I ſcorn any man's Secrets Sir——for ought I know you may whiſper Treaſon to me Sir: Pox on him, how handſom he is, I hate the ſight of the young Stallion. [*Aſide.*

Gay. I wou'd not be uncivil Sir, before all this Company.

Sir Cau. Uncivil——Ay, Ay, 'tis ſo, he cannot be content to Cuckold me, but he muſt tell me ſo too.

Gay. But ſince you'll have it Sir——you are——a Raſcal——a moſt notorious Villain Sir, d'e hear——

Sir Cau. Yes, yes, I do hear——and am glad 'tis no worſe. [*Laughing.*

Gay. Griping as Hell——and as inſatiable——worſe than a Brokering Jew, not all the twelve Tribes harbours ſuch a damn'd Extortioner——

Sir Cau. Pray under favour Sir——who are you? [*Pulling off his Hat.*

Gay.

Gay. One whom thou haſt undone——

Sir *Can.* Hum——I'm glad of that, however. [*Aſide ſmiling.*

Gay. Racking me up to ſtarving Want and Miſery,
Then took Advantages to ruin me.

Sir *Can.* So, and he'd revenge it on my Wife—— [*Aſide ſmiling.*

Gay. Do you not know one *Waſtall* Sir?

Enter Ralph *with Wine, ſets it on a Table.*

Sir *Can.* *Waſtall*——ha, ha, ha——if you are any Friend to that poor Fellow——you may return and tell him Sir——we hear——that the Mortgage of two hundred poond a Year is this Day out, and I'll not bate him an Hour Sir——ha, ha, ha——what do you think to hector civil Magiſtrates?

Gay. Very well Sir, and is this your Conſcience?

Sir *Can.* Conſcience——what do you tell me of Conſcience? Why what a Noiſe's here——as if the undoing a young Heir were ſuch a Wonder; ods ſo I've undone a hundred without half this ado.

Gay. I do believe thee——and am come to tell you——I'll be none of that Number——for this Minute I'll go and redeem it——and free my Self from the Hell of your Indentures.

Sir *Can.* How redeem it, ſure the Devil muſt help him then!——Stay Sir——ſtay——Lord Sir what need you put your ſelf to that trouble, your Land is in ſafe Hands Sir, come come ſit down——and let us take a Glaſs of Wine together Sir——

Bel. Sir my Service to you. [*Drinks to him.*

Gay. Your Servant Sir. Would I could come to ſpeak to *Belmour* which I dare not do in Publick, leaſt I betray him. I long to be reſolv'd where 'twas Sir *Feeble* was laſt Night——if it were he——by which I might find out my inviſible Miſtreſs.

Noy. Noble Mr. *Waſtall*—— [*Salutes him; ſo does* Bearjeſt.

Bel. Will you pleaſe to ſit Sir?

Gay. I have a little Buſineſs Sir——but anon I'll wait on you——your Servant Gentlemen——I'll to *Crap* the Scriveners. [*Goes out.*

Sir *Can.* Do you know this *Waſtall* Sir? [*To Noyſie.*

Noy. Know him Sir, Ay too well——

Bea. The World's well amended with him Captain, ſince I loſt my Money to him and you at the George in *White Fryars.*

Noy. Ay poor Fellow——he's ſometimes up and ſometimes down, as the Dice favour him——

Bea. Faith and that's pity; but how came he ſo fine o'th' ſudden: 'twas but laſt Week he borrowed eighteen pence of me on his

Waſt

Waſt Belt to pay his Dinner in an Ordinary.

Bel. Were you in earnest Sir to take it?

Noy. We are not all one Mans Children; faith Sir, we are here to Day and gone to Morrow.

Sir *Cau.* I ſay 'twas done like a wiſe Man Sir——but under Favour Gentlemen this *Waſtall* is a Raſcal——.

Noy. A very Raſcal Sir, and a moſt dangerous Fellow——he cullys in your Prentices and Cafhiers to play——which ruins ſo many o'th'young Fry i'th' City——.

Sir *Cau.* Hum——does he ſo——do hear that *Edward?*

Noy. Then he keeps a private Preſs and prints your *Amſterdam* and *Leyden* Libels.

Sir *Cau.* Ay and makes 'em too I'll warrant him; a dangerous Fellow——.

Noy. Sometimes he begs for a lame Souldier with a wooden Leg.

Bea. Sometimes as a blind Man ſells Switches in *New-market* Road.

Noy. At other times he runs the Country like a Gipſey——tells Fortunes and robs Hedges, when he's out of Linnen.

Sir *Cau.* Tells Fortunes too——nay I thought he dealt with the Devil——well Gentlemen you are all wide o'this Matter ——for to tell you the Truth——he deals with the Devil Gentlemen——otherwiſe he could never have redeem'd his Land. [*Aſide.*

Bel. How Sir, the Devil?

Sir *Cau.* I ſay the Devil. Heav'n bleſs every wiſe Man from the Devil.

Bea. The Devil, ſha! there's no ſuch Animal in Nature. I rather think he pads.

Noy. Oh Sir he has not Courage for that——but he's an admirable Fellow at your Lock.

Sir *Cau.* Lock! My Study Lock was pickt——I begin to ſuſpect him——

Bea. I ſaw him once open a Lock with the Bone of a Breaſt of Mutton, and break an Iron Barnafunder with the Eye of a needle.

Sir *Cau.* Prodigious——well I ſay the Devil ſtill.

Enter Sir Feeble.

Who's this talks of the Devil——a Pox of the Devil I ſay, this laſt Nights Devil has ſo haunted me——.

Sir *Cau.* Why have you ſeen it ſince Brother?

Sir *Feeb.* In Imagination Sir.

Bel. How Sir a Devil?

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, or a Ghoſt.

Bel. Where good Sir?

Bea. Ay where? I'd travel a hundred Mile to ſee a Ghoſt——.

Bel.

Bel. Sure Sir 'twas Fancy?

Sir *Feeb.* If 'twere a Fancy, 'twas a ſtrong one, and Ghoſts and Fancys are all one, if they can deceive. I tell you——If ever I thought in my Life——I thought I ſaw a Ghoſt——Ay and a damnable impudent Ghoſt too; he ſaid he was a——a Fellow here——they call *Belmour*.

Bel. How Sir!

Bear. Well I wou'd give the World to ſee the Devil, provided he were a civil affable Devil, ſuch an one as *Weſtfalls* Acquaintance is——

Sir *Cau.* He can ſhow him too ſoon, it may be. I'm ſure as civil as he is, he helps him to ſteal my Gold I doubt——and to be ſure——Gentlemen you ſay he's a Gameſter——I deſire when he comes anon, that you wou'd propoſe to ſport a Dye or ſo——and we'll fall to play for a Teaſter, or the like——and if he ſets any Money——I ſhall go near to know my own Gold, by ſome remarkable Pieces amongſt it; and if he have it, I'll hang him, and then all his ſix hundred a Year will be my own which I have in Mortgage.

Bea. Let the Captain and I alone to top upon him——mean time Sir I have brought my Muſick——to entertain my Miſtreſs with a Song.

Sir *Feeb.* Take your own Methods Sir——they are at Leiſure——while we go drink their Healths within. Adod I long for Night, we are not half in kelter, this damn'd Ghoſt will not out of my Head yet. [*Exeunt all but* Belmour.

Bel. Hah——a Ghoſt! What can he mean? A Ghoſt, and *Belmour's*——Sure my good Angel, or my Genius,
In pity of my Love, and of *Leticia*——
But ſee *Leticia* comes, but ſtill attended——

Enter Leticia, *Lady* Fulbank, Diana.

——Remember——oh remember to be true! [*Aſide to her paſſing by, goes out.*

L. *Fulb.* I was ſick to know with what Chriſtian Patience you bore the Martyrdom of this Night.

Let. As thoſe condemn'd bear the laſt Hour of Life.
A ſhort Reprieve I had——and by a kind Miſtake.
Diana only was my Bedfellow—— [*weeps.*

Dia. I wiſh for your Repoſe you ne'er had ſeen my Father. [*weeps.*

Let. And ſo do I, I fear he has undone me——

Dia. And me, in breaking of his Word with *Bredwell*——

L. *Fulb.* ——So——as *Trincolo* ſays wou'd you were both hang'd for me, for putting me in mind of my Husband. For I have e'en no better Luck than either of you——

Let

——Let our two Fates warn your approaching one:
I love young *Bredwell* and must plead for him.

Dia. I know his Vertue justifies my Choice.
But Pride and Modesty forbids I shou'd unsov'd pursue him.

Bea. Wrong not my Brother so who dyes for you——

Dia. Cou'd he so easily see me given away
Without a Sigh at parting?
For all the Day a Calm was in his Eyes,
And unconcern'd he look't and talk't to me.
In dancing never prest my willing Hand,
Nor with a scornful Glance reproacht my Falshood.

Let. Believe me that Dissembling was his Master-piece.

Dia. Why should he fear, did not my Father promise him?

Let. Ay that was in his wooing time to me.
But now 'tis all forgotten—— [*Musick at the Door.*

After which enter Bearjest *and* Bredwell.

L. *Fulb.* How now Cousin! Is this high piece of Gallantry from you?

Bea. Ay Madam, I have not travell'd for nothing——

L. *Fulb.* I find my Cosien is resolv'd to conquer, he assails with all his Artillery of Charms; we'll leave him to his Success Madam—— [*Exit* Leticia *and Lady* Fulbank.

Bea. Oh Lord Madam you oblige me——look *Ned* you had a mind to have a full View of my Mistress, Sir, and——here she is. [*He stands gazing.*

Go——salute her——look how he stands now, what a sneaking thing is a Fellow who has never travell'd and seen the World! ——Madam——this is a very honest Friend of mine, for all he looks so simply.

Dia. Come he speaks for you, Sir.

Bea. He Madam, tho he be but a Bankers Prentice Madam, he's as pretty a Fellow of his Inches as any i'th City——he has made Love in Dancing Schools, and to Ladys of Quality in the middle Gallery, and shall joke ye——and repartee with any Foreman within the Walls——prethee to her——and commend me, I'll give thee a new Point Cravat.

Dia. He looks as if he cou'd not speak to me.

Bea. Not speak to you?——yes Gad Madam and do any thing to you too.

Dia. Are you his Advocate Sir? [*In Scorn.*

Bea. For Want of a better—— [*Stands behind him pushing him on.*

Bred. An Advocate for Love I am,
And bring you such a Message from a Heart——

Bea. Meaning mine dear Madam.

Bred. That when you hear it, you will pitty it.

Bea. Or the Devils in her.

Dia. Sir I have many Reasons to believe,
It is my Fortune you pursue, not Person?

Bea. There's something in that I must confess. [*Behind him.*
But say what you will *Ned*——

Bred. May all the Mischiefs of despairing Love
Fall on me if it be.

Bea. That's well enough——

Bred. No were you born an humble Village Maid,
That fed a Flock, upon the neighbouring Plain;
With all that shining Vertue in your Soul,
By Heaven I wou'd adore you——love you——wed you.
Tho' the gay World were lost by such a Nuptial. [*Bea. looks on him.*
——this——I wou'd do were I my Friend the Squire. [*Recollecting.*

Bea. Ay if you were me——you might do what you pleas'd; but I'm of another Mind.

Dia. Shou'd I consent, my Father is a Man whom Interest sways not Honour, and whatsoever Promises he as made you, he means to break 'em all, and I am destin'd to another.

Bea. How another—his Name, his Name Madam——here's *Ned* and I fear ne'er a single Man i'th' Nation. What is he?——what is he?——

Dia. A Fop, a Fool, a beaten Ass——a Blockhead.

Bea. What a damn'd Shame's this, that Women shou'd be sacrific'd to Fools, and Fops must run away with Heiresses——whilst we Men of Wit and Parts——dress and dance, and cock, and travel, for nothing but to be tame Keepers.

Dia. But I by Heaven will never be that Victim.
But where my Soul is vow'd 'tis fix't for ever.

Bred. Are you resolv'd, are you confirmid in this?
Oh my *Diana* speak it o'er again. [*Runs to her and embraces her.*
Bless me and make me happier than a Monarch.

Bea. Hold, hold dear *Ned*——that's my part I take it.

Bred. Your Pardon Sir, I had forgot my self.
——But time is short——what's to be done in this?

Bea. Done, I'll enter the House with Fire and Sword d'e see, not that I care this——but I'll not be fob'd off——what do they take me for a Fool——an Ass?

Bred. Madam, dare you run the Risk of your Father's Displeasure, and run away with the Man you love?

Dia. With all my Soul——

Bea. That's hearty——and we'll do't——*Ned* and I here——and I love an Amour with an Adventure in't, like *Amadis de Gaul*——harky *Ned*——get a Coach and six ready to Night when 'tis dark at the back Gate——

Bred.

Bred. And I'll get a Parson ready in my Lodging, to which I have a Key through the Garden by which we may pass unseen.

Bea. Good——Mun here's Company——

Enter Gayman *with his Hat with Money in't*, *Sir* Cautious *in a Rage*—*Sir* Feeble, *Lady* Fulbank, Leticia, Captain Noyley, Belmour.

Sir *Cau.* A hundred Pound lost already! Oh Coxcomb, old Coxcomb, and a wise Coxcomb——to turn Prodigal at my Years, whe' I was bewitch'd!

Sir *Feeb.* Sho, 'twas a Frolick Sir, I have lost a hundred pound as well as you. My Lady has lost, and your Lady has lost, and the rest—what old Cows will kick sometimes, what's a hundred Pound?

Sir *Cau.* A hundred Pound, why 'tis a Sum Sir——a Sum—why what the Devil did I do with a Box and Dice?

L. *Fulb.* Why you made a shift to loose Sir? And where's the harm of that? We have lost, and he has won, anon it may be your Fortune.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, but he could never do it fairly, that's certain. Three hundred Pound! why how came you to win so unmercifully Sir?

Gay. Oh the Devil will not loose a Gamester of me——you see Sir,——

Sir *Cau.* The Devil!——mark that Gentlemen——

Bea. The Rogue has damn'd Luck sure, he has got a Fly——

Sir *Cau.* And can you have the Conscience to carry away all our Money Sir?

Gay. Most assuredly, unless you have the Courage to retrieve it. I'll set it at a Throw, or any Way, what say you Gentlemen?

Sir *Feeb.* Ods bobs you young Fellows are too hard for us every Way, and I am engag'd at an old Game with a new Gamester here—who will require all an old Mans Stock.

L. *Fulb.* Come Cousin will you venture a Guinny——Come Mr. *Bredwel*——

Gay. Well if no Body dare venture on me I'll send away my Cash——[*They all go to play at the Table but Sir* Cau. *Sir* Feeb. *and* Gay.

Sir *Can.* Hum——must it all go? I——a rare Sum, if a Man were but sure the Devil wou'd but stand Neuter now——[*Aside.*——Sir I wish I had any thing but ready Money to stake——three hundred Pound——a fine Sum!

Gay. You have Moveables Sir, Goods——Commodities——

Sir *Cau.* That's all one Sir, that's Moneys worth Sir, but if I had any thing that were worth nothing——

Gay. You wou'd venture it,——I thank you Sir,——I wou'd your Lady were worth nothing——

Sir *Can.* Why so Sir?

Gay. Then I won'd set all this against that Nothing.

Sir *Can.* What set it against my Wife?

Gay. Wife Sir, Ay your Wife———

Sir *Can.* Hum, my Wife against three hundred pounds?——What All my Wife Sir?

Gay. All your Wife. Why Sir, some part of her won'd serve my turn.

Sir *Can.* Hum——my Wife——why, if I shou'd loose, he cou'd not have the Impudence to take her——— [*Aside.*

Gay. Well, I find you are not for the Bargain, and so I put up———

Sir *Can.* Hold Sir——why so hasty——my Wife? no—put up your Money Sir——what loose my Wife, for three hundred pounds!——

Gay. Loose her Sir——why she shall be never the worse for my wearing Sir——the old covetous Rogue is considering on't I think——what say you to a Night? I'll set it to a Night——there's none need know it Sir.

Sir *Can.* Hum——a Night!——three hundred pounds for a Night! why what a lavish Whore-master's this: we take Money to marry our Wives, but very seldom part with 'em, and by the Bargain get Money———for a Night say you?———gad if I shou'd take the Rogue at his word, 'twou'd be a pure jest. [*Aside.*

Sir *Feeb.* You are not Mad Brother.

Sir *Can.* No, but I'm wise——and that's as good; let me consider——

Sir *Feeb.* What whether you shall be a Cuckold or no?

Sir *Can.* Or loose three hundred pounds——consider that; a Cuckold, why 'tis a Word——an empty Sound——'tis Breath——Air——'tis nothing——but three hundred pounds——Lord, what will not three hundred pounds do? You may chance to be a Cuckold for nothing Sir——

Sir *Feeb.* It may be so———but she shall do't discreetly then.

Sir *Can.* Under favour, you're an Ass Brother, this is the discreetest way of doing it, I take it.

Sir *Feeb.* But wou'd a wise man expose his Wife?

Sir *Can.* Why, *Cato* was a wiser man than I, and he lent his Wife to a young Fellow they call'd *Hortensius*, as Sloop says; and can a wife man have a better President than *Cato*?

Sir *Feeb.* I say *Cato* was an Ass Sir, for obliging any young Rogue of 'em all.

Sir *Can.* But I am of *Cato*'s Mind; only a single Night you say.

Gay.

Gay. A single Night —— to have —— to hold —— [illegible] —— and so forth at discretion.

Sir Cau. A Night —— I shall have her fast and sound i'th' Morning.

Sir Feeb. Safe no doubt on't —— but how sound? ——

Gay. And for Non-performance, you shall pay me Three hundred pounds, I'll forfeit as much if I tell ——

Sir Cau. Tell? —— why make your Three hundred pounds six hundred, and let it be put into the *Gazet*, if you will man —— but is't a Bargain? ——

Gay. Done —— Sir *Feeble* shall be witness —— and there stands my Hat. [*Puts down his Hat of Money, and each of 'em take a Box and Dice, and kneel on the Stage, the rest come about 'em.*

Sir Cau. —— He that comes first to One and thirty wins ——

[*They throw and count.*

L. Fulb. What are you playing for?

Sir Feeb. Nothing, nothing —— but a Trial of Skill between on Old man and a Young —— and your Ladyship is to be Judge.

L. Fulb. I shall be partial Sir.

Sir Cau. Six and five's eleven ——

[*Throws —— and pulls the Hat towards him.*

Gay. Cater Tray —— Pox of the Dice ——

Sir Cau. Two fives —— one and twenty ——

[*Sets up, pulls the Hat nearer.*

Gay. Now Luck —— Dubles of sixes —— nineteen.

Sir Cau. Five and four —— thirty ——

[*Draws the Hat to him.*

Sir Feeb. Now if he wins it, I'll swear he has a Fly indeed —— 'tis impossible without Doubles of sixes —— —

Gay. Now Fortune smile —— and for the future frown. [*Throws.*

Sir Cau. —— Hum —— two sixes ——

[*Rises and looks dolefully round.*

L. Fulb. How now? what's the Matter you look so like an Ass, what have you lost?

Sir Cau. A Bauble —— a Bauble —— 'tis not for what I've lost —— but because I have not won ——

Sir Feeb. You look very simply Sir —— what think you of *Cato* now?

Sir Cau. A wise man may have his Failings ——

L. Fulb. What has my Husband lost? ——

Sir Cau. Only a small parcel of Ware that lay dead upon my hands, Sweet-heart.

Gay. But I shall improve 'em, Madam, I'll warrant you.

L. Fulb. Well, since 'tis no worse, bring in your fine Dancer Cousin,

Cousin, you say you brought to entertain your Mistress with ——— Bearjest goes out.

Gay. Sir, You'll take care to see me paid to Night?

Sir Cau. Well Sir——but my Lady you must know Sir, has the common Frailties of her Sex, and will refuse what she even longs for, if perswaded to't by me.

Gay. 'Tis not in my Bargain to solicit her Sir, you are to procure her——or three hundred pounds Sir; chuse you whether.

Sir Cau. Procure her? with all my Soul Sir; alas, you mistake my honest Meaning, I scorn to be so unjust as not to see you a-bed together; and then agree as well as you can, I have done my part——in order to this Sir——get you but your self conveyed in a Chest to my House, with a Direction upon't for me, and for the rest——

Gay. I understand you——
Sir Feeb. Ralph get Supper ready. } *Enter* Bea. *with Dancers. All go out but Sir* Cautious.

Sir Cau. Well, I must break my Mind, if possible, to my Lady--but if she should be refractory now---and make me pay Three hundred pounds --- why sure she won't have so little Grace---Three hundred pounds sav'd, is Three hundred pounds got---by our account---Cou'd All ———

Who of this City-Priviledge are free,
Hope to be paid for Cuckoldom like me;
Th' unthriving Merchant, whom grey Hair adorns,
Before all Ventures won'd ensure his Horns;
For thus, while He bus lets spare Rooms to hire,
His Wife rackd Credit keeps his own entire.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Sir* Cautious *his House.*

Enter Belmour *alone sad.*

Bel. THe Night is come, Oh my *Leticia*!
The longing Bridegroom hastens to his Bed;
Whilst she with all the Languishment of Love,

And

And sad Despair, casts her fair Eyes on me,
Which silently implore, I would deliver her.
But how! Ay, there's the Question——— hah——— [*Pausing.*
I'll get my self hid in her Bed-Chamber———
And something I will do——may save us yet———
If all my Arts shou'd fail——I'll have recourse [*Draws a Dagger.*
To this———and bear *Leticia* off by Force.
———But see she comes———

Enter Lady Fulbank, *Sir* Cautious, *Sir* Feeble, Leticia, Bearjest, Noysey, Gayman. *Exit* Belmour.

Sir Feeb. Lights there *Ralph*,
And my Lady's Coach there——— [Bearjest *goes to* Gayman.
Bear. Well Sir, remember you have promis'd to grant me my diabolical Request, in shewing me the Devil———
Gay. I will not fail you Sir.
L. Fulb. Madam, your Servant; I hope you'll see no more Ghosts, Sir *Feeble*.
Sir Feeb. No more of that, I beseech you Madam. Prethee Sir *Cautious* take away your Wife——Madam your Servant——
[*All go out after the Light.*
———Come *Lette*, *Lette*; hasten Rogue, hasten to thy Chamber, away, here be the young Wenches coming———
[*Puts her out, he goes out.*

Enter Diana, *puts on her Hood and Scarfe.*

Dia. So——they are gone to Bed; and now for *Bredwel*——the Coach waits, and I'll take this opportunity.
Fatherfarewel——if you dislike my course,
Blame the old rigid Customs of your Force. [*Goes out.*

SCENE *A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Sir Feeble, Leticia *and* Phillis.

AH *Phillis*! I am fainting with my Fears,
Let. Hast thou no comfort for me? [*He undresses to his Gown.*
Sir Feeb. Why what art doing there———fidle fadling——— adod you young Wenches are so loath to come to——— but when

when your hands in, you have no mercy upon us poor Husbands.

Let. Why do you talk so Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* Was it an anger'd, at the Fool's Prattle, tum-a-me, tum-a-me, I'll undress it, effags I will——Rogue.

Let. You are so wanton Sir, you make me blush——I will not go to Bed, unless you'll Promise me——

Sir *Feeb.* No bargaining my little Hussey——what you'll tye my hands behind me, will you? [*She goes to the Table.*

Let. ——What shall I do?——assist me gentle Maid,
Thy Eyes me-thinks puts on a little hope!

Phil. Take Courage Madam----you guess right----be confident.

Sir *Feeb.* No whispering Gentlewoman——and putting Tricks into her Head, that shall not cheat me of another Night——Look on that silly little round Chity-face——look on those smiling roguish loving Eyes there——look——look how they laugh, twire and tempt——he rogue——I'll buss 'em there, and here and every where——Ods bobs——away, this is fooling and spoyling of a man's Stomach, with a Bit here, and a Bit there——to Bed——to Bed——

At she is at the Toilet he looks over her shoulder, and sees her Face in the Glass.

Let. Go you first Sir, I will but stay to say my Prayers, which are that Heaven wou'd deliver me. [*Aside.*

Sir *Feeb.* Say thy Prayers?——what art thou mad, Prayers upon thy Wedding-night? a short Thanksgiving or so——but Prayers quoth a——'Sbobs you'll have time enough for that——I doubt——

Let. I am asham'd to undress before you Sir, go to Bed——

Sir *Feeb.* What was it asham'd to shew its little white Foots, and its little round Bubbys——well I'll go, I'll go——I cannot think on't, no, I cannot——

[*Going towards the Bed,*

Belmour *comes forth from between the Curtains, his Coat off, his Shirt bloody, a Dagger in his hand, and his Disguise off.*

Bel. Stand——

Sir *Feeb.* Hah——

Let. and *Phil.* squeak——Oh Heavens——why is it *Belmour?* [*Aside to* Phil,

Bel. Go not to Bed, I guard this Sacred Place,
And the Adulterer dies that enters here.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh——why do I shake——sure I'm a Man? what art thou?

Bel. I am the wrong'd, the lost, and murder'd *Belmour.*

Sir *Feeb.* O Lord! it is the same I saw last Night——oh!——hold thy dread Vengeance——pity me, and hear me——oh! a Parson——a Parson——what shall I do——oh! where shall I hide my self.

Bel.

Bel. I'th' utmoſt Borders of the Earth I'll find thee———
Seas ſhall not hide thee, nor vaſt Mountains guard thee.
Even in the depth of Hell, I'll find thee out,
And laſh thy filthy and Adulterous Soul———

Sir *Feeb.* Oh! I am dead, I'm dead, will no Repentance ſave me———'twas that young Eye that tempted me to ſin; oh!———

Bel. See fair Seducer, what thou'ſt made me do,
Look on this bleeding Wound, it reach'd my Heart,
To pluck my dear tormenting Image thence,
When News arriv'd that thou hadſt broke thy Vow.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh Lord! oh!———I'm glad he's dead tho.

Let. Oh hide that fatal Wound, my tender Heart faints with a Sight ſo horrid! [*ſeems to weep.*

Sir *Feeb.* So ſhe'll clear her ſelf and leave me in the Devil's Clutches.

Bel. You've both offended Heav'n, and muſt repent or dye.

Sir *Feeb.* Ah———I do confeſs I was an old Fool———bewitcht with Beauty, beſotted with Love, and do repent moſt heartily.

Bel. No, you had rather yet go on in Sin.
Thou wou'dſt live on, and be a baffl'd Cuckold.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh, not for the World Sir: I am convinc'd and mortifi'd.

Bel. Maintain her fine, undo thy Peace to pleaſe her, and ſtill be Cuckol'd on———believe her———truſt her, and be Cuckold ſtill.

Sir *Feeb.* I ſee my Folly———and my Ages Dotage——and find the Devil was in me———yet ſpare my Age———ah! ſpare me to repent.

Bel. If thou repent'ſt, renounce her, fly her ſight;———
Shun her bewitching Charms, as thou wouldſt Hell;
Thoſe dark eternal Manſions of the dead———
Whither I muſt deſcend.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh——wou'd he were gone!———

Bel. Fly—be gone—depart, vaniſh for ever from her to ſome more ſafe and innocent Apartment.

Sir *Feeb.* Oh that's very hard!——— [*He goes back trembling,*
Belmour *follows in with his Dagger up; both go out.*

Let. Bleſt be this kind Releaſe, and yet me-thinks it grieves me to conſider how the poor Old man is frighted.

[Belmour *re-enters, puts on his Coat.*

Bel. ——He's gone, and lockt himſelf into his Chamber———
And now my dear *Leticia* let us fly———
Deſpair till now, ne'r my wild *Heart invade,*
But pitying Love has the rough Storm allayd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Sir* Cautious *his Garden.*

Enter two Porters and Rag *bearing* Gayman *in a Cheſt. See it down; he comes forth with a dark Lanthorn.*

Gay. SEt down the Cheſt behind yon' Hedge of Roſes ——and then put on thoſe Shapes I have appointed you ——and be ſure you well-favourd'ly bang both *Bearjeſt* and *Noyſey*; ſince they have a Mind to ſee the Devil.

Rag. Oh Sir leave 'em to us for that, and if we do not play the Devil with 'em, we deſerve they ſhou'd beat us. But Sir we are in Sir *Cautious* his Garden, will not he ſue us for a Treſpaſs?

Gay. I'll bear you out; be ready at my Call. [*Exeunt.*

——Let me ſee——I have got no ready Stuff to banter with——but no Matter any Gibberiſh will ſerve the Fools—— 'tis now about the Hour of ten——but Twelve is my appointed lucky Minute, when all the Bleſſings that my Soul cou'd wiſh Shall be reſign'd to me.

Enter Bredwel.

——Hah who's there, *Bredwel*?

Bred. Oh are you come Sir——and can you be ſo kind to a poor Youth, to favour his Deſigns and bleſs his Days?

Gay. Yes, I am ready here with all my Devils, both to ſecure you your Miſtreſs, and to cudgel your Captain and Squire, for abuſing me behind my Back ſo baſely.

Bred. 'Twas moſt unmanly Sir, and they deſerve it——I wonder that they come not?

Gay. How durſt you truſt her with him?

Bred. Becauſe 'tis dangerous to ſteal a City Heireſs, and let the Theft be his——ſo the dear Maid be mine—— Hark——ſure they come——!

Enter Bearjeſt; *runs againſt* Bredwell.

——Who's there, Mr. *Bearjeſt*?

Bear. Whoſe that, *Ned*?——Well I have brought my Miſtreſs ——haſt thou got a Parſon ready——and a Licenſe?

Bred. Ay, ay——but where's the Lady?

Bea. In the Coach, with the Captain at the Gate. I came before to ſee if the Coaſt be clear.

Bred.

Bred. Ay Sir----but what shall we do----here's Mr. *Gayman* come on purpose to shew you the Devil, as you desir'd.

Bea. Shoh! a Pox of the Devil Man---I can't intend to speak with him now.

Gay. How Sir? d'ye think my Devil of so little Quality to suffer an Affront unreveng'd?

Bear. Sir I cry his Devilships Pardon: I did not know his Quality----I protest Sir I love and honour him, but I am now just going to be married Sir, and when that Ceremony's past, I'm ready to go to the Devil as soon as you please.

Gay. I have told him your Desire of seeing him, and shou'd you baffle him?

Bea. Who I Sir? Pray let his Worship know, I shall be proud of the Honour of his Acquaintance; but Sir my Mistress and the Parson waits in *Neds* Chamber.

Gay. If all the World wait Sir, the Prince of Hell will stay for no Man.

Bred. Oh Sir rather then the Prince of the Infernals shall be affronted, I'll conduct the Lady up, and entertain her till you come Sir.

Bea. Nay I have a great Mind to kiss his——Paw Sir, but I cou'd wish you'd shew him me by Day-light Sir.

Gay. The Prince of Darkness does abhor the Light. But Sir I will for once allow your Friend the Captain to keep you Company.

Enter Noysey *and* Diana.

Bea. I'm much oblig'd to you Sir, oh Captain— [*Talks to him.*

Bred.———Haste Dear; the Parson waits,
To finish what the Pow'rs design'd above.

Dia. Sure nothing is so bold as Maids in Love! (*They go out.*

Noy. Pshoh! he conjure——he can fly as soon.

Gay. Gentlemen you must be sure to confine your selves to this Circle, and have a Care you neither swear, nor pray.

Bea. Pray, Sir? I dare say neither of us were ever that Way gifted.

A horrid Noise.

Gay. *Cease your Horror, cease your Hast.*
And calmly as I saw you last,
Appear! Appear!
By thy Pearls and Diamond Rocks,
By thy heavy Money Box.

By thy shining Petticoat,
That hid thy cloven Feet from Note.
By the Veil that hid thy Face,
Which else had frighten'd humane Race.
Appear, that I thy Love may see, [Soft Musick ceases.
Appear kind Fiends, appear to me!
[A Pox of these Rascals why come they not.

Four enter from the four Corners of the Stage to Musick that plays, they dance, and in the Dance, dance round 'em, and kick, pinch, and beat 'em.

Bear. Oh enough, enough! Good Sir lay 'em and I'll pay the Musick——

Gay. I wonder at it——these Spirits are in their Nature kind, and peaceable——and you have basely injur'd some body——and then they will be satisfi'd——

Bear. Oh good Sir take your *Cerberuses* off——I do confess the Captain here and I have violated your Fame.

Noy. Abus'd you——and traduc'd you,——and thus we beg your Pardon.——

Gay. Abus'd me? 'Tis more than I know Gentlemen.

Bea. But it seems your Friend the Devil does.

Gay. By this time *Bredwel*'s marry'd.
——Great *Pantamogan* hold for I am satisfi'd [*Exit Devils.*
And thus undo my Charm—— [*Takes away the Circle, they run out.*
——so——the Fools are gone, and now to *Julia*'s Arms[*going.*

SCENE *Lady* Fulbank's *Anti-chamber.*

She discover'd undrest at her Glass. Sir Cautious *undrest.*

L. *Fulb.* But why to Night? indeed you're wonderous kind methinks.

Sir *Cau.* Why I don't know——a Wedding is a sort of an Alarm to Love; it calls up every Mans Courage.

L. *Fulb.* Ay but will it come when 'tis call'd?

Sir *Cau.* I doubt you'll find it to my Grief—— [*Aside.*
——But I think 'tis all one to thee, thou car'st not for my Complement; no, thou'dst rather have a young Fellow.

L. *Fulb.* I am not us'd to flatter much; if forty Years were taken from your Age, 'twou'd render you something more agreable to my Bed, I must confess.

Sir *Cau.*

Sir *Can.* Ay, ay, no doubt on't.

L. *Fulb.* Yet you may take my Word without an Oath, were you as old as Time, and I were young and gay as *April* Flow'rs,
Which all are fond to gather;
My Beautys all shou'd wither in the Shade,
E'er I'd be worn in a dishonest Bosom.

Sir *Can.* Ay but you're wondrous free methinks sometimes,
which gives shrewd Suspicion.

L. *Fulb.* What, because I can not simper look demure,
and justifiy my Honour when none questions it.
——Cry he, and out upon the naughty Women,
Because they please themselves——and so wou'd I.

Sir *Can.* How, wou'd, what cuckold me?

L. *Fulb.* Yes, if it pleas'd me better than Vertue Sir.
But I'll not change my Freedom and my Humour,
To purchase the dull Fame of being Honest.

Sir *Can.* Ay but the World, the World——

L. *Fulb.* I value not the Censures of the Crowd.

Sir *Can.* But I am old.

L. *Fulb.* That's your Fault Sir, not mine.

Sir *Can.* But being so, if I shou'd be good-natur'd and give thee leave to love discreetly?——

L. *Fulb.* I'd do't without your leave Sir.

Sir *Can.* Do't——what——cuckold me?

L. *Fulb.* No, love discreetly Sir, love as I ought, love Honestly.

Sir *Can.* What in Love with any Body, but your own Husband?

L. *Fulb.* Yes.

Sir *Can.* Yes quoth a——is that your loving as you ought?——

L. *Fulb.* We can not help our Inclinations Sir,
No more than Time, or Light from coming on——
But I can keep my Vertue Sir intire.

Sir *Can.* What I'll warrant this is your first Love *Gayman*?

L. *Fulb.* I'll not deny that Truth, tho even to you.

Sir *Can.* Why in Consideration of my Age and your Youth, I'd bear a Conscience——provided you do things wisely.

L. *Fulb.* Do what thing Sir?

Sir *Can.* You know what I mean.

L. *Fulb.* Hah——I hope you wou'd not be a Cuckold Sir?

Sir *Can.* Why——truly in a civil Way——or so.——

L. *Fulb.* There is but one Way Sir to make me hate you;
And that wou'd be tame Suffering.

Sir *Can.* Nay and he be thereabouts, there's no discovering——

L. *Fulb.* But leave this fond Discourse——and if you must——
Let us to Bed——

Sir *Can.* Ay, ay——I did but try your Vertue, mun——dost think

think I was in earnest?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir here's a Chest directed to your Worship.

Sir *Cau.* Hum——'tis *Wastall*——now does my Heart fail me——a Chest say you?——so late——I'll warrant it comes from Sir *Nicholas Smuggle*——some prohibited Goods that he has stolen the Custom of, and cheated his Majesty——well he's an honest Man, bring it in—— [*Exit* Servant.

L. *Fulb.* What into my Apartment Sir, a nasty Chest!

Sir *Cau.* By all Means——for if the Searchers come——they'l never be so uncivil to ransack thy Lodgings——and we are bound in Christian Charity to do for one another——Some rich Commodities I am sure——and some fine Knick-knack will fall to thy share I'll warrant thee——Pox on him for a young Rogue, how punctual he is!—— [*Aside.* [*Enter with the Chest.*

——Go my Dear, go to Bed——I'll send Sir *Nicholas* a Receit for the Chest, and be with thee presently—— [*Exit severally.*

Gayman *peeps out of the Chest, and looks round him wondering*——

Gay. Hah, where am I? By Heaven my last Nights Vision——'Tis that inchanted Room and yonder the Alcove! Sure 'twas indeed some Witch, who knowing of my Infidelity——has by Inchantment brought me hither——'tis so——I am betray'd—— [*Pauses.* Hah! or was it *Julia*! That last Night gave me that lone Opportunity——but hark I hear some coming—— [*Shuts himself in.*

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* *Lifting up the Chest Lid.* So you are come I see—— [*Goes and locks the Door.*

Gay. Hah——he here, nay then I was deceiv'd, and it was *Julia* that last Night gave me the dear Assignation. [*Aside.* *Sir* Cautious *peeps into the Bedchamber.*

L. *Fulb.* *Within.* Come Sir *Cautious*——I shall fall asleep and then you'll waken me——

Sir *Cau.* Ay my Dear I'm coming——she's in Bed——I'll go put out the Candle, and then——

Gay. Ay I'll warrant you for my Part——

Sir *Cau.* Ay——but you may over-act your Part and spoil all——but Sir I hope you'll use a Christian Conscience in this Business.

Gay. Oh doubt not Sir, but I shall do you Reason.

Sir *Cau.* Ay Sir, but——

Gay.

Gay. Good Sir no more Cautions, you unlike a fair Gamester will rook me out of half my Night——I am impatient.

Sir *Cau.* Good Lord are you so hasty, if I please you shan't go at all.

Gay. With all my Soul Sir, pay me three hundred Pound Sir—— [*Aside.*

Sir *Cau.* Lord Sir you mistake my candid Meaning still. I am content to be a Cuckold Sir——but I wou'd have things done decently, d'ye mind me?

Gay. As decently as a Cuckold can be made Sir.

——But no more Disputes I pray Sir.

Sir *Gau.* I'm gone——I'm gone——but harky Sir——you'll not be before Day? [*Going out, returns.*

Gay. Yet again——

Sir *Cau.* I vanish Sir——but harky——you'll not speak a Word? But let her think 'tis I?

Gay. Be gone I say Sir—— [*he runs out.*

I am convinc'd last Night I was with *Julia.*

Oh Sot——insensible and dull——

Enter softly Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* So——the Candle's out——give me your Hand. [*Leads him softly in.*

SCENE *Changes to a Bed-Chamber.*

Lady Fulbank *supposed in Bed. Enter Sir* Cautious *and* Gayman *by Dark.*

Sir *Cau.* Where are you my Dear? [*Leads him to the Bed.*

L. *Fulb.* Where shou'd I be——in Bed, what are you by Dark?

Sir *Cau.* As the Candle went out by Chance. [Gayman *signs to him as he goes, he makes grimaces as loath to go, and Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *drops over, and represents another Room in the same House.*

Enter Parson, Diana, *and* Pert *dress'd in* Diana's *Cloaths.*

Dia. I'll swear Mrs. *Pert* you look very prettily in my Cloaths; and since you Sir have convinc'd me that this innocent Deceit is not unlawful, I am glad to be the Instrument of advancing Mrs. *Pert* to a Husband, she already has no just a Claim to.

Par. Since she has so firm a Contract, I pronounce it a lawful Marriage——but hark they are coming sure——

Dia. Pull your Hoods down——and keep your Face from the Light. [Diana *runs out.*

Enter Bearjest, *and* Noysie *disorder'd.*

Bea. Madam I beg your Pardon——I have met with a most direllish Adventure,——your Pardon too Mr. Doctor, for making you wait——but the Business in this Sir,——I have a great Mind to lye with this young Gentlewoman to Night, but she swears if I do, the Parson of the Parish shall know it——

Par. If I do Sir, I shall keep Counsel.

Bea. *And that's civil Sir,——come lead the Way,*
With such a Guide, the Devil's in't, if we can go astray.

SCENE *changes to the Antichamber.*

Enter Sir Cautious.

Sir *Cau.* NOw cannot I sleep! But am as restless as a Merchant in stormy Weather, that has ventur'd all his Wealth in one Bottom,——Woman is a leaky Vessel——if she should like the Young Rogue now, and they shou'd come to a right Understanding——why then am I a——Wital——that's all, and shall be put in Print at *Snow-hill* with my Effigies o'th'top like the Sign of Cuckolds Haven——hum——they'r damnable silent——pray Heaven he have not murder'd her, and rob'd her——hum——hark, what's that?——a Noise——he has broke his Covenant with me, and shall forfeit the Money——how loud they are? Ay, ay, the Plots discover'd, what shall I do——Why the

the Devil is not in her ſure to be refractory now and peeviſh, if ſhe be I muſt pay my Money yet——and that wou'd be a damn'd thing——ſure they're coming out——I'll retire and harken how 'tis with them. [*Retires.*

Enter Lady Fulbank *undreſs*——Gayman *half undreſs upon his Knees, following her, holding her Gown*

L. *Fulb.* Oh! You unkind——what have you made me do? Unhand me falſe Deceiver——let me looſe——

Sir *Can.* Made her do?——ſo, ſo——'tis done——I'm glad of that—— [*Aſide, peeping.*

Gay. Can you be angry *Julia*!
Becauſe I only ſeiz'd my Right of Love.

L. *Fulb.* And muſt my Honour be the Price of it?
Cou'd nothing but my Fame reward your Paſſion?
——What make me a baſe Proſtitute, a foul Adultereſs,
Oh——be gone, be gone——dear Robber of my Quiet. [*Weeping.*

Sir *Can.* Oh fearful!——

Gay. Oh! Calm your Rage and hear me; if you are ſo,
You are an innocent Adultereſs.
It was the feeble Husband you enjoy'd
In cold Imagination, and no more,
Shyly you turn'd away——faintly reſign'd.

Sir *Can.* Hum——did ſhe ſo——

Gay. Till my Exceſs of Love——betray'd the Cheat.

Sir *Can.* Ay, ay that was my Fear——

L. *Fulb.* Away——be gone——I'll never ſee you more——

Gay. You may as well forbid the Sun to ſhine.
Not ſee you more!——Heavens! I before ador'd you
But now I rave! And with my impatient Love,
A thouſand mad, and wild Deſires are Burning!
I have diſcover'd now new Worlds of Charms.
And can no longer tamely love and ſuffer.

Sir *Can.* So——I have brought an old Houſe upon my Head. Intail'd Cuckoldom upon my ſelf.

L. *Fulb.* I'll hear no more——Sir *Cautious*——where's my Husband? Why have you left my Honour thus unguarded?

Sir *Can.* Ay, ay, ſhe's well enough pleas'd I fear for all that.

Gay. Baſe as he is, 'twas he expos'd this Treaſure.
Like ſilly *Indians* barter'd thee for Trifles.

Sir *Can.* Oh treacherous Villain!——

L. *Fulb.* Hah——my Husband do this?

Gay. He by Love, he was the kind Procurer,

Contriv'd the Means, and brought me to thy Bed.

Fulb. My Husband! My wife Husband!
What Goodness in my Conduct had he seen,
To take so shameful and so base Revenge.

Gay. None——'twas filthy Avarice seduc'd him to't.

L. *Fulb.* If he cou'd be so barbarous to expose me,
Cou'd you who lov'd me——be so cruel too!

Gay. What——to possess thee when the Bliss was offer'd,
Possess thee too without a Crime to thee;
Charge not my Soul with so remiss a Flame,
So dull a Sense of Vertue to refuse it.

L. *Fulb.* I am convinc'd the Fault was all my Husbands——
And here I vow——by all things Just and Sacred,
To separate for ever from his Bed.

Sir *Cau.* Oh I am not able to indure it——
Hold——oh hold my dear——

L. *Fulb.* Stand off——I do abhor thee.

Sir *Cau.* With all my Soul——but do not make rash Vows.
They break my very Heart——regard my Reputation!

L. *Fulb.* Which you have had such Care of Sir already.
Rise, 'tis in vain you kneel.

Sir *Cau* No——I'll never rise again——Alas Madam, I was meerly drawn in, I only thought to sport a Dye or so——I had only an innocent Design to have discover'd whether this Gentleman had stol'n my Gold——that so I might have hang'd him.

Gay. A very Innocent Design indeed——

Sir *Cau.* Ay Sir, that's all, as I'm an honest man——

L. *Fulb.* I've sworn, nor are the Stars more fix't than I——

Enter Servant.

Serv. How! my Lady and his Worship up?
——Madam, a Gentleman, and a Lady below in a Coach desire me up, and say they must speak with your Ladyship.

L. *Fulb.* This is strange!——bring 'em up. *Exit Servant.*
Who can it be at this odd time of neither Night nor Day?

Enter Leticia——Belmour *and* Phillis.

Let. Madam, your Vertue, Charity, and Friendship to me, has made me trespass on you for my Lives Security, and beg you will protect me——and my Husband. *Kneels to* Belmour.

Sir *Cau.* So——here's another sad Catastrophe!

L. *Fulb.* Hah——does *Belmour* live!——is't possible?
Believe me Sir, you ever had my Wishes.

And shall not fail of my Protection now.

Bel. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Gay. I'm glad thou hast her *Harry*——but doubt thou durst not own her; nay, dar'st not own thy self.

Bel. Yes Friend, I have my Pardon——
But hark, I think we are pursu'd already——
But now I fear no force. [*A noise of some body coming in.*

L. *Fulb.* However step into my Bed-chamber.

[*Exeunt* Leticia, Gayman *and* Phillis.

Enter Sir Feeble *in an Antick manner.*

Sir *Feeb.* Hell shall not hold thee——nor vast Mountains cover thee, but I will find thee out——and lash thy filthy and Adulterous Carcase. [*Coming up in a menacing manner to Sir* Cau.

Sir *Cau.* How——lash my filthy Carcase?——I defie thee Satan——

Sir *Feeb.* 'Twas thus he said.

Sir *Cau.* Let who's will say it, he lies in's Throat.

Sir *Feeb.* How, the Ghostly——hush——have a care—for 'twas the Ghost of *Belmour*——oh! hide that bleeding Wound, it chills my Soul!—— [*Runs to the Lady* Fulbank.

L. *Fulb.* What bleeding Wound?——Heav'ns are you frantick Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* No—but for want of rest—I shall e'er Morning. [*Weeps.*
——She's gone——she's gone——she's gone—— [*He weeps.*

Sir *Cau.* Ay, Ay, she's gone, she's gone indeed. [*Sir* Cau. *weeps.*

Sir *Feeb.* ——But let her go——so I may never see that dreadful Vision——harky Sir——a Word in your Ear——have a care of marrying a young Wife.

Sir *Cau.* Ay, but I have married one already. [*Weeping.*

Sir *Feeb.* Hast thou? Divorce her——flye her, quick——depart——be gone, she'll Cuckold thee——and still she'll Cuckold thee——

Sir *Cau.* Ay Brother, but whose fault was that?——Why, are not you married?

Sir *Feeb.* Mum——no Words on't, unless you'll have the Ghost about your Ears; Part with your Wife I say, or else the Devil will part ye.

L. *Fulb.* Pray go to Bed Sir?

Sir *Feeb.* Yes, for I shall sleep now, I shall ly alone. [*Weeps.*
Ah Fool, old dull besotted Fool——to think she'd love me——'twas by base means I gain'd her——cozened an honest Gentleman——of Fame and Life——

L. *Fulb.* You did so Sir, but 'tis not past Redress——you may

make that honeſt Gentleman amends.

Sir Feeb. Oh wou'd I cou'd, ſo I gave half my Eſtate——

L. Fulb. ——— That Penitence attones with him and Heaven. ———Come forth *Leticia*, and your injur'd Ghoſt.

Sir Feeb.—HahGhoſt—another Sight wou'd make me mad indeed.

Bel. Behold me Sir, I have no Terror now.

Sir *Feeb.* Hah——who's that *Francis*?——my Nephew *Francis*?

Bel. Belmour ——— or *Francis*———chuſe you which you like, and I am either.

Sir *Feeb.* Hah, *Belmour*! and no Ghoſt?

Bel. Belmour———and not your Nephew Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* But art alive? Ods bobs I'm glad on't Sirrah, ———But are you real *Belmour*?

Bel. As ſure as I'm no Ghoſt.

Gay. We all can Witneſs for him Sir.

Sir *Feeb.* Where be the Minſtrels, we'll have a Dance——adod we will——ah——art thou there thou couzening little Chitsface?———a Vengeance on thee——thou madeſt me an old Doting loving Coxcomb———but I forgive thee———and give thee all thy Jewels, and you your Pardon Sir, ſo you'll give me mine; for I find you young Knaves will be too hard for us.

Bel. You are ſo generous Sir, that 'tis almoſt with grief I receive the Bleſſing of *Leticia*.

Sir *Feeb.* No, no, thou deſerv'ſt her, ſhe wou'd have made an old fond Blockhead of me——and one way or other you wou'd have had her——ods bobs you wou'd———

Enter Bearjeſt, Diana, Pert, Bredwel *and* Noyſey.

Bear. Juſtice Sir, Juſtice——I have been cheated——abuſed—Aſſaſſinated and Raviſht!

Sir *Cau.* How my Nephew raviſht!———

Pert. No Sir, I am his Wife.

Sir *Cau.* Hum———my Heir marry a Chamber-Maid!

Bear. Sir, you muſt know I ſtole away Mrs. *Dy*, and brought her to *Nea*'s Chamber here———to marry her.

Sir *Feeb.* My Daughter *Dy* ſtoln———

Bear. But I being to go to the Devil a little Sir; whip——— what does he, but marrys her himſelf Sir; and fob'd me off here with my Ladys caſt Petticoat———

Noy. Sir, ſhe's a Gentlewoman, and my Siſter Sir.

Pert. Madam, 'twas a pious Fraud, if it were one, for I was contracted to him before———ſee here it is—— [*Gives it 'em.*

All. A plain Caſe, a plain Caſe.

Sir *Feeb.* Hark'y Sir, have you had the Impudence to marry my Daughter Sir? [*To* Bredwel, *who with* Diana *kneels.*

Bred.

Bred. Yes Sir, and humbly ask your Pardon, and your Blessing—

Sir *Feeb.* You will ha't, whether I will or no——rise——you are still too hard for us, Come Sir forgive your Nephew—

Sir *Can.* Well Sir, I will——but all this while you little think the Tribulation I am in, my Lady has forsworn my Bed.

Sir *Feeb.* Indeed Sir, the wiser she.

Sir *Can.* For only performing my Promise to this Gentleman.

Sir *Feeb.* Ay, you shew'd her the Difference Sir, you're a wise man. Come dry your Eyes——and rest your self contented, we are a couple of old Coxcombs: d'e hear Sir Coxcombs.

Sir *Can.* I grant it Sir, and if I dye Sir——I bequeath my Lady to you——with my whole Estate——my Nephew has too much already for a Fool. [*To* Gayman.

Gay. I thank you Sir——do you consent my *Julia*?

L. *Fulb.* No Sir——you do not like me——a canvas Bag of wooden Ladles were a better Bed-fellow.

Gay. Cruel Tormentor! oh I cou'd kill my self with Shame and Anger!

L. *Fulb.* Come hither *Bredwel*——witness for my Honour—— that I had no Design upon his Person, but that of trying of his Constancy.

Bred. Believe me Sir, 'tis true——I feigned a danger near——just as you got to Bed——and I was the kind Devil Sir, that brought the Gold to you.

Bear. And you were one of the Devils that beat me, and the Captain here Sir?

Gay. No truly Sir, those were some I hired——to beat you for abusing me to day——

Noy. To make you 'mends Sir, I bring you the certain News of the Death of Sir *Thomas Gayman* your Uncle, who has left you Two thousand pounds a year.

Gay. I thank you Sir——I heard the news before.

Sir *Can.* How's this, Mr *Gayman*, my Lady's first Lover? I find Sir *Feeble* we were a Couple of old Fools indeed, to think at our Age to cozen two lusty young Fellows of their Mistresses; 'tis no wonder that both the Men and the Women have been too hard for us, we are not fit Matches for either, that's the truth on't.

That Warrior needs must to his Rival yield,
Who comes with blunted Weapons to the Field.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE

Written by a Person of Quality, spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

Long have we turn'd the Point of our just Rage
On the half Wits, and Criticks of the Age.
Oft has the soft, Insipid Sonneteer
In Nice *and* Flutter, *seen his Fop-face here.*
Well was the Ignorant Lampooning Pack
Of shatterhead Rhimers, *whipt in* Cromey's *back;*
But such a trouble Weed is Poetaster,
The lower 'tis cut down, it grows the faster.
Tho Satyr then had such a plenteous Crop,
An After Mach of Coxcombs *is come up.*
Who not content false Po'try to renew,
By sottish Censures, wou'd condemn the true.
Let writing like a Gentleman —— *fine appear,*
But must you needs judge too en Cavalier?
These whiffling Critticks, 'tis our Authress fears,
And humbly begs a Tryal by her Peers:
Or let a Pole of Fools her Fate pronounce,
There's no great harm in a good quiet Dunce.
But shield her, Heaven! from the left-handed Blow
Of Airy Blockheads, who pretend to know.
On downright Dulness let her rather split,
Than be Fop-mangl'd under colour of Wit.

Hear me ye Scribling Beaus, ——
Why will you in shier Rhime, without one stroke
Of Poetry, Lady's just Disdain provoke,
And address Songs, to whom you never spoke.
In doleful Hymns for dying Fellons fit,
Why do you tax their Eyes, and blame their Wit?

Unjustly

Unjuſtly of the Inn'cent you complain,
'Tis Bulkers grve, and Tubs muſt cure your Pain.
Why in Lampoons will you your ſelves revile?
'Tis true, none elſe will think it worth their while:
But thus you're hid! oh, 'tis a Politick Fetch:
So ſome have hang'd themſelves, to eaſe Jack Ketch.
Juſtly your Friends and Miſtreſſes you blame,
For being ſo they well deſerve the Shame,
'Tis the worſt Scandal to have born that Nam.
At Poetry of late, and ſuch whoſe Skill
Excels your own, you dart a feeble Quill;
Well may you rail at what you Ape ſo ill.
With vertuous Women, and all Men of Worth,
You're in a ſtate of Mortal War by Birth.
Nature in all her Atome Fights ne'er knew
Two things ſo oppoſite as Them and You.
On ſuch your Muſe her utmoſt Fury ſpends,
They'r ſlander'd worſe than any but your Friends.
More Years may teach you better, the mean while,
If you can't mend your Morals, mend your Stile.

See the late Satyr on Poetry.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LA Montre; or the Lover's Watch: By Mrs. *A. Behn*, is ſold by *W. Canning*, at his Shop in *Vine-Court*, *Middle-Temple*.

FINIS.